

COMMENT OF  
THE DAY

An Honour Well  
Deserved

WE join with those tens of thousands of keen and constant followers of local football in congratulating Ho Cheung-yau of South China on earning the distinction of being nominated by a discerning public, Hongkong's Footballer of the Year.

Ho not only satisfied the great majority of those who filled in nomination coupons that he is currently the Colony's outstanding player, but that his conduct on the field throughout the season additionally entitled him to the honour he has won. The point is emphasised by one reader who accompanied his nomination with a brief note: "I am voting for Ho Cheung-yau not only because he is a wonderful player, but because he is so quiet and gentlemanly in his play." That seems to us to point a moral to all our footballers who would aspire to public acclaim.

It was always the intention of the China Mail, sponsors of the Footballer of the Year poll, to place as much emphasis on a player's behaviour as on his footballing ability to merit even inclusion in the list of nominees. This, we are happy to say, has been fully appreciated by the public, as reference to this year's voted players, as well as those of the two previous years, will testify. Fundamentally they have all displayed the required qualifications.

At the end of a season which unfortunately has seen rather more than average questionable behaviour on the field of play it is not inappropriate to assert that the public which pays good money for clean as well as clever football is entitled to it. The brilliant, or flamboyant player, who mixes his natural skill with uncontrolled temperamental will in due course forfeit the appreciation and the respect of the public. And if he is ungentlemanly on the field he automatically degrades his ability as a footballer.

It is our hope the Footballer of the Year popularity poll will continue, in some measure, to encourage local players, and particularly those youngsters who will become the stars of tomorrow, to play the game fairly and honestly, as well as to develop their skill to a state of par excellence.

# COLONY'S FOOTBALLER OF THE YEAR



## Ho Cheung-yau Wins Poll

Ho Cheung-yau, South China's brilliant inside-right has been nominated by a public popularity poll, Hongkong's Footballer of the Year.

He won the title and the China Mail silver cup with a record 1,305 votes, two and a half times as many as his nearest rival, Charlesworth, the Army goalkeeper, who received 549 votes.

Ho Cheung-yau, 23, comes the Colony's current Footballer of the Year because of his playing ability and his sportsmanship on the field of play.

He is the second South China player to win the coveted honour, Tang Sheng, who was nominated last year, being the other.

Public interest in the poll, organised by the China Mail, was greater this year than ever. A total of 3,573 votes were cast as compared with last year's 2,439.

Ng Kee-cheung of Kitchee was placed third in the poll with 387 votes.

Seventeen players received nomination votes—two less than last year.

In addition to the first three already mentioned, the following received votes: Chu Wing-keung (Eastern), Lau Chi-lau (Eastern), C. Barclay (Jardines), Au Chi-yin (Police), Yiu Cheuk-yin (South China), Lau Tim (KMB), Gussie Pereira (St Joseph's), Ho Ying-fun (Eastern), E. Moss (Police), Mok Chun-wah (South China), Tong Sum (KMB), Tang Yee-Kit (KMB), Wai Fat-kim (KMB) and Teensina (Hollandia).

This is the third annual Footballer of the Year poll, and the two previous winners were Mike Granger, Army goalkeeper, and Tong Sheng of South China.

Arrangements are in hand for the presentation of the China Mail Footballer of the Year cup to Ho Cheung-yau.

## China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the highlights of today's feature section:

P. 5: Albert Stewart writes about Hongkong's Teddy Boys, the "Fet Tails".

P. 6: Are you "U" or Non-U? Nancy Mitford's new book poses the question. "Deadline and Deadline", our new series by Reno MacColl continues.

P. 7: How people cheat at cards by Anthony Herr.

P. 8: The Jack Cardiff story continues.

P. 13: Sir Beverley Baxter discusses the anti-hanging motion in the Commons.

P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports review.

## ESPIONAGE BY ATTACHE

Istanbul, May 11. The Turkish Foreign Ministry today told the Soviet Embassy in Ankara that its assistant military attache was personally unacceptable because of espionage activities, and asked that he should leave Turkey immediately.

The attache, Nikola Vasilievski Iadenko, was seized last night, the Foreign Ministry said. Iadenko started spying when he arrived in Ankara last February, the ministry added.

When he came under suspicion, a lieutenant of the Turkish security force arranged meetings with him to supply "military information".

The attache was seized last night as the lieutenant gave him documents prepared by the Turkish secret service.—Reuter.

## Anti-Police Posters

Singapore, May 12. Police early this morning found more than 75 Communist posters attacking the police pasted up on the walls of a Chinese school in the suburbs of Singapore, Police sources reported.

The posters, printed in Chinese, said: "Condemn the police for their action against the Chinese students during the riots of May 12, last year."—Reuter.

## HONGKONG MOTORISTS TO LOSE A CAR PARK ON JULY 1

After July 1 part of Statue Square will no longer be a car park so 100 car owners will have to find space elsewhere.

The area between Chater Road and Connaught Road on the western side of the square will revert to the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank.

It will become a garden once again—a garden the same as that planted at the beginning of the century and which was still in existence until September 1950.

It is probably not generally

"I AM PREPARED TO SIT DOWN AT ANY TIME, ANY PLACE TO NEGOTIATE WITH ANYBODY"

## EDEN ON THE SOVIET VISIT

London, May 11.

Prime Minister Sir Anthony Eden said tonight that in the interests of peace "I am prepared to sit down at any time and in any place to negotiate with anybody, if I am convinced that there is a chance to make progress."

Speaking at a congress of the Scottish Conservative Party in Perth, Sir Anthony added that he was not and never had been prepared to negotiate "when that word is a polite term for surrender."

Referring to the recent visit to Britain of Soviet leaders Nikolai Bulganin and Nikita Khrushchev, the Premier said that "with every day that passes, I am more and more glad" that the meeting of Soviet and British leaders took place.

"It is not weakness to talk with those with whom you disagree, unless you have no faith in your own cause, or in your advocacy of it," Sir Anthony added.

Eden said the British Government welcomed "the patience and thoroughness with which our guests discussed the many subjects which were our daily fare."

"I look forward to further discussions with them," he added. "Soviet policy may be evolving," Sir Anthony continued.

"If they are, this would be in accordance with the history of many revolutionary movements."

The increased understanding between Britons and Soviets that had arisen from the London meetings was a "clear gain," said the Premier.—France-Press.

## Tories Admit Labour Gains 386 Seat

London, May 11.

The Labour Party tonight claimed a net gain of 264 seats in the nation-wide municipal elections, as results still came in.

But the opposing Conservative Party credited Labour with even greater success — it put Socialist gains at 386.

The swing to the left was more pronounced in the provinces than in London. Labour has captured control of 22 councils throughout England and Wales, and lost it in seven others.

Voting yesterday for the 153 borough (town) councils of England and Wales, and London's 23 metropolitan council government turnover involving thousands of seats.

## Two Murderers Executed

New York, May 11. Alfred Branst, aged 30, and Leroy Sullivan, aged 25, were shot simultaneously this morning by two firing squads in the courtyard of the Utah State prison.

The two men were tied to chairs with black hoods over their heads and shotgun targets were pinned to their shirts to show the position of the heart.

The five-man firing squads were formed of volunteers and a rifle of one in each squad had a blank cartridge.—France-Press.

## Not Landslide

Socialists tonight admitted their municipal successes are far from a landslide but claimed they represented a wide expression of dissatisfaction with the Conservative government policies.

Municipal elections, once fought here on local issues, now follow the pattern of a Socialist versus anti-Socialist alignment with national problems dominating.

Election issue of the Socialists in the present context was Britain's high climbing costs. They attacked the government's

## THE FROGMAN INCIDENT Moscow Requests Explanation

Moscow, May 11.

The Soviet Government announced tonight it had sent a note to Britain stating that Soviet sailors aboard the cruiser Ordzhonikidze which brought Marshal Bulganin and Mr Khrushchev to Britain, saw a frogman approach the vessel while it was in Portsmouth harbour.

Moscow radio, which broadcast the Soviet note, also quoted a British note in reply.

The Soviet note said that during the stay of Soviet warships in Portsmouth, at 7.30 hours on April 10 seamen on board the Soviet ships observed a frogman floating between the Soviet destroyers.

The commanding officer of the Soviet ships, Rear-Admiral V. F. Kolov, mentioned this in a conversation with the Chief of Staff of the Portsmouth naval base, Rear-Admiral Burnett.

But Rear-Admiral Burnett categorically rejected the possibility of the appearance

of a frogman alongside the Soviet ships and stated that at the time indicated there were no operations in the port involving the use of frogmen.

## PLEASE EXPLAIN

The note added: "In actual fact, however, as it transpired from reports published in the British press on April 30, the fact that the British naval authorities had carried out secret underwater tests in the area where the Soviet warships were anchored at Portsmouth was confirmed."

"Moreover, the carrying out of these tests resulted in the death of the British frogman."

"Attaching great importance to such an unusual fact as the carrying out of secret frogman tests alongside Soviet ships on a friendly visit to the British naval base of Portsmouth, the Embassy would be grateful to the British Foreign Office for an explanation on this matter," the Soviet note concluded.

## BRITISH REPLY

The British note to the Soviet Embassy in London, dated May 9, as quoted by the Soviet news agency, Tass, in Russian said: "As has already been publicly reported, Commander Crab carried out frogman tests, and as it is assumed, lost his life during these tests."

"The frogman, who as reported in the Soviet note was discovered from the Soviet ships swimming between the Soviet destroyers, was to all appearances Commander Crab."

"His presence in the vicinity of the destroyers occurred without any permission whatever, and Her Majesty's government express their regret for this incident."—Reuter.

## TO HAVE TEA WITH QUEEN

New York, May 11.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will entertain tomorrow President and Mrs Harry Truman to tea during their visit to Britain. Mr Truman said today before leaving here in the liner United States.

Mr and Mrs Truman, who will make a seven-week tour of Britain and Europe, will also dine with Sir Anthony Eden, and lunch with Sir Winston Churchill. The main purpose of Mr Truman's trip is to receive a honorary degree from Oxford University.—Reuter.

## Leaves For Greece

Bonn, May 11.

Professor Theodor Heuss, the West German President, left here by special diesel train for an official visit to Greece, his first trip abroad as President.—Reuter.

## How not to give a Tennis Party

Bad hosts are born and not made; not everyone can make a failure of a tennis party. Nevertheless there are certain observances which may be relied upon to reduce the chances of success.

For instance, do not roll the court before the guests arrive. Let them do it themselves while you maintain a flow of good-humoured banter.

Do not mend the holes in the wire-netting. Searching for balls in the middle of a ding-dong game is a great fermenter of temper.

AND ABOVE ALL, do not on any account provide long ice-cold drinks of Rose's Lime Juice for between-the-sets refreshment. If the imperfect host were to forget by chance this cardinal rule of inhospitality, the sharp and utterly satisfying tang of Nature's most thirst-quenching drink could not fail to produce content. The party would be a success.

ROSE'S  
Lime juice

—MAKES THIRST WORTH WHILE

NOW EVEN QUICKER ACTING

## Shelltox

Flying insects carry disease into your homes. Protect your family against these germ-carrying pests. Spray Shelltox regularly and destroy them before they settle.

IT KILLS THEM BEFORE THEY GET A CHANCE TO SETTLE

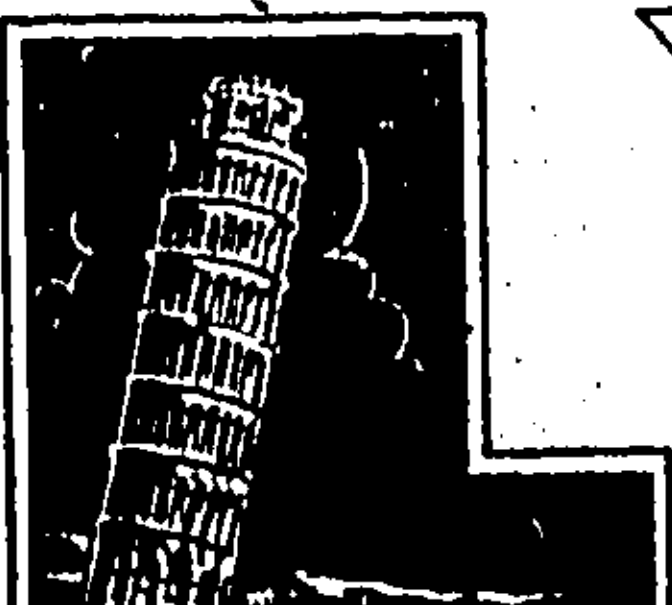
## DEMONSTRATION

Karnachi, May 11.

About 300 demonstrators shouted anti-French slogans outside the home of the Prime Minister, Mr Mohammad Ali, today, calling for denunciation of French policy in Algeria.—Reuter.



To INDIA



To EUROPE



To JAPAN

NOW FOR EVERY FIRST CLASS PASSENGER A

Scumorette

Fully reclining sleeper-seat.

Check these advantages:  
✓ Constellation and Super Constellation comfort  
✓ Choice of Luxury or Tourist class  
✓ A.I.I.'s personal service  
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## KING'S PRINCESS

OPENS TO-DAY

SHE KNEW WHAT HE WAS... and she was afraid!  
...yet even in her terror every fiber of her being cried out for his love!

JOAN CRAWFORD - JEFF CHANDLER  
*Female on the Beach*  
JAN STERLING  
CRED: KELLYWAY - CHARLES DRAKE - JOHN EYRE - MARILEE SCHWEL

EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW  
King's at 11.30 a.m. Princess at 11.00 a.m.  
Julio Adams & Richard Carlson in "THE SEA AROUND US" & "CREATURE FROM BLACK LAGOON"  
Disney-R.K.O. present "TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS" "DONALD DUCK" & Co.  
At Reduced Prices

## HOOVER LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL 72371 KOWLOON TEL 60148, 60240

NOW PLAYING 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

Color and CINEMASCOPE  
LOVE IS... M.G.'s Big Star Comedy-Romance!  
*"The Tender Trap"*  
starring Frank Sinatra - Debbie Reynolds David Wayne - Celeste Holm with JARMA LEWIS  
Produced by JULIUS EPSTEIN  
Directed by CHARLES WALTERS  
Screenplay by LAWRENCE WEINGARTEN  
Music by FRANKLIN SCHAFER

SUNDAY MATINEE  
Hoover 12 Noon "THE STUDENT PRINCE" Starring Edmund Purdom  
Liberty at 12.30 p.m. "BLACKBOARD JUNGLE" Starring Glenn Ford

## ROXY BROADWAY

2nd BIG WEEK!  
NOW SHOWING • THE 9th DAY!  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS  
CLIFTON WEBB - GLORIA GRAHAME  
CINEMASCOPE  
Produced by ANDRE HANAU - Directed by RONALD NEAME  
Screenplay by MICHAEL BALCON  
Music by JOHN WILLIAMS

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW  
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon Stan Laurel Oliver Hardy in "A HAUNTING WE WILL GO"  
A 20th Century-Fox Picture  
Broadway: At 11.00 a.m. A SELECTED PROGRAMME OF TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS Presented by Paramount Pictures  
Reduced Admission  
Roxy: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts. Broadway: \$1.20 & 70 Cts.

## ORIENTAL

IN HIGH FIDELITY STEREOGRAPHIC SOUND!

JAMES DEAN  
REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE  
CINEMASCOPE  
Also starring NATALIE WOOD with SAM MILES  
Directed by NORTON MACDONALD  
Screenplay by NORTON MACDONALD  
Music by LAMONT ROGERS  
SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30 Mark Stevens in "JACK SLADE"

# FILMS

Current & Coming  
BY JANE ROBERTS

"Female on the Beach" is one of those nervous (I use the word in the English sense, as opposed to the American) highly-charged pictures in which Joan Crawford excels, that are forever hinting at mysterious happenings and sinister motives, but that always end, like a shaggy dog story, on a note of anti-climax.

It's as though Miss Crawford had wrung herself so dry of emotion during the telling of the story that she hadn't enough left at the end to be convincing or possibly, that she so loves to be in front of the camera that she hasn't the heart to bring down the curtain and always hopes she'll be able to budge the director into letting her have yet one more scene.

That's not to say that "Female on the Beach" doesn't keep up the pace of tension throughout. It does, and whenever the dramatic possibilities of one generation of the plot have been nearly exhausted, a new point of interest is introduced before the concentration lags. It's merely that, Crawford has a way of making the audience feel that the pictures are weak and that "Female on the Beach" is no exception.

### Found Dead

It begins satisfyingly enough. There's quite a scene going on in a luxurious beach house. Cecil Kellyway and his wife, Natalie Schaefer, are listening with apprehension to the drunken babbling of a woman off set, while Jeff Chandler, outwardly unconcerned, is obviously implicated in the trouble in some way.

The woman's voice rises hysterically as her fuddled mind has hit on a solution to her problem—she will go to the police.

Next day she is found dead on the beach. The veritable rail is snapped and although the police are called, as a matter of course, to investigate, it could quite easily have been an accident—except that we, the audience, are obviously expected to suspect that it's not.

This is the cue for Joan Crawford's entrance. The rest

## This Week's Films In Pictures



Jan Sterling and Robert Mitchell in a scene from "Man with the Gun."



Joan Crawford in the picture "Female on the Beach."

of the cast have provided the atmosphere for her, and in she walks like a queen, to carry on from there.

I liked her performance. It was more controlled and less revealing than usual and when she was being used as a substitute by the highly suspect Clyde, Jeff Chandler, one felt sorry for her, which is surely a new sensation to be evoked by Joan Crawford. Naturally her clothes are a delight. The wealthy widow of a Las Vegas gambler would dress well, and Joan Crawford's dress designer has taken full advantage of the opportunity.

With regard to the characterization, it is not as strong as it might be, with the exception of Cecil Kellyway and his wife. As a meanly-mouthed, superficially charming part of confidence tricksters they are quite real, but the mixed motives (springing from an event in the past of course—can't leave psychology out these days) of Jeff Chandler are far from convincing.

As for Jan Sterling—she's just there to intrigue and confuse the plot.

Here's a sample of some of the dialogue in one of the love scenes between Joan Crawford and Jeff Chandler when she is first beginning to get over her antagonism towards him.

"I wish I could afford you," she says softly as the expected cliché takes place. "Save your pennies," he mutters back.

### Scarlet What?

I'm not sure who is meant to be "Slightly Scarlet" in the film of that name.

For a start, the hero is part villain, the "bad" girl only bad because of, once again, something that happened in her past, and the heroine is not "good" enough to fight against her love for the villain/hero.

Which, as Damon Runyon would say, is a little confusing. However, the result is a decorative crime thriller, with John Payne once again proving that although he may never have got right to the top as far as acting is concerned, he has become slick and poised enough to build a film on.

As for the ladies—Arlene Dahl and Rhonda Fleming—make excellent models for the many fashions they display (though the measurements of Rhonda Fleming must be a little larger than they used to be) and there were one or two touching moments when Rhonda Fleming looked really concerned about the welfare of her naughty little sister, Arlene Dahl.

Miss Dahl is too self-consciously wicked for words and when her sinuous swaying is repulsed by John Payne we get

used twice in recent films. The scene is an expensive apartment. Two men are talking. One is the host, the other the visitor. The door opens, a gorgeous girl walks through, the host barely acknowledges her and she makes her exit. A second girl goes through a slight variation of the same act, then a third. Visitor giggles, host shrugs. It was funny the first time, but please, no more.

Frank Sinatra has a chance to air some of his dry humour and arrange his mobile face into several eloquent expressions and David Wayne, though not as successful with his facial contortions, does better with the spoken jest.

As for the ladies, Celeste Holm is her charming self—a mistress of the wisecrack yet without Eve Arden's hardness, while Debbie Reynolds is all that is inferred when one woman murmurs to another "Isn't she sweet, so simple, so unspooled."

Based on a successful New York play, the picture spends a lot of time in the apartment of Frank Sinatra and might have produced less claustrophobia if more outside scenes had been included. The best indoor scene is the aftermath of the party given to celebrate Frank Sinatra's engagement—to two girls. This is really funny, but for the rest, I was disappointed.

### Mitchell's Mutiny

I regret it hasn't been possible to see "One Man Mutiny" but with Gary Cooper in the leading role that of General Billy Mitchell—and Ralph Bellamy and Rod Steiger in the roles of defence and prosecution lawyers respectively, it can't fail to be interesting.

The body of the film is concerned with the court martial in 1925 of General Mitchell. His crime was that he acted in an unauthorized way to bring what he thought to be the military strength of the American Air Force at that time, into prominence.

Only by becoming a guinea pig and by trying court-martial charges against him of treason and disobedience did he think he could create enough disturbance to draw attention to the death traps that American fliers were given to fly and to the immediate need for a large Air Force.

It's a picture I shan't fail to see.

### A Western

Jan Sterling can be seen for the second time within a week in a western with Robert Mitchell, and although not good looking in the conventional Hollywood way, she is, in "Man With the Gun" an interesting personality. Whereas in "Female on the Beach", although allowed some glamorous clothes, she was merely second fiddle to Joan Crawford. In "Man with the Gun", dressed sensibly and with most unattractive make-up she almost steals the picture from the Man himself—Robert Mitchell.

It's a better than average western and if, in addition, you like Robert Mitchell, it's one in which you won't be disappointed.

### 'Riot' Returns

After "Female on the Beach" the King's and Princess will be showing the happy British comedy "Raising a Riot". It's been here before, but if you missed it, it's well worth a visit. It shows Kenneth More as a Royal officer on leave coping with the domestic crises that arise when his wife is called away, leaving him with the care of the young children. Ronald Squire helps in raising the laughs.

### What He's Got

As his married friend, David Wayne, says, "What's he got?" The answer, we gather, is simple. It's not what he has, but what he hasn't, namely, a wife. It appears that in New York there is a preponderance of good looking girls all looking for husbands, and until the day that Sinatra decides on one of them they all still hopefully aspire to the position.

This is an excuse to introduce a lot of pretty girls into the picture, although the gag used for their entrances has been

## SPACTACLE ON STAGE

## Tokyo Grand Revue

(MASUDA DANCING TEAM)

with JAPAN'S MOST GLAMOROUS GIRLS

COMING TO THE LEE THEATRE

## QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M. 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

### SHOWING TO-DAY

THE COURT-MARTIAL THAT ROCKED THE WORLD!  
*ONE MAN MUTINY*  
GARY COOPER in his role of roles—  
WARNER BROS. CINEMASCOPE-WARNERCOLOR

SUNDAY MORNING SHOWS AT 11.30 A.M.

QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA  
Walt Disney's "PINOCCHIO" J. Arthur Rank's "DOCTOR AT SEA"  
In Technicolor In Technicolor  
— AT REDUCED PRICES —

## NEW YORK GREAT WORLD

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GRAND OPENING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

OUT OF THE SHADOWS OF A VICE-RIDDEN CITY  
John Payne Arlene Dahl Rhonda Fleming  
BENJAMIN BOGART PRESENTS  
*SLIGHTLY SCARLET*  
JOHN PAYNE ARLENE DAHL RHONDA FLEMING  
KENT TAYLOR - TED DE CORIA - LANCE FOLLE  
ALAN DWAN - ROBERT BLUES - GENEWICK BOGART  
SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.  
Walt Disney Technicolor Cartoons

Only by becoming a guinea pig and by trying court-martial charges against him of treason and disobedience did he think he could create enough disturbance to draw attention to the death traps that American fliers were given to fly and to the immediate need for a large Air Force.

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## Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

## HILTON TO BUILD IN ROME?

He Runs Into Trouble  
With Communists

MAYOR CHARGED  
WITH BRIBERY

Rome. Hotel magnate Conrad Hilton expressed cautious optimism recently that he would win his battle with local Communists to put up a 400-room luxury hotel near the Mussolini-built Olympic stadium.

Mr Hilton came here after representing President Eisenhower at the wedding of Grace Kelly and Prince Rainier of Monaco to check on his hotel project.

STUDENTS  
WILL HAVE  
'BEST STUDY  
CLIMATE'

Colorado Springs. The U.S. Air Force is conducting a unique experiment to determine the best "indoor climate" for studying.

Findings of the current tests will be used in the construction of an air academy 10 miles north of Colorado Springs.

The experiments are being conducted in two 13 by 18-ft dormitory rooms—the exact type the 2,000 cadets will use at the new academy.

The Air Force said the rooms were equipped with sensitive research instruments to read and record air temperatures, humidity, air movement, and other conditions that affect human comfort and efficiency.

Automatic temperature controls are installed in the rooms to regulate and record changes in indoor conditions.

Inside the dormitory rooms live Air Force second lieutenants who are carrying out duties similar to those the cadets will perform.

## HUMAN COMFORT

Colonel Albert Stoltz, director of the Air Force Academy Construction Agency, is in charge of constructing the service school.

"It is recognized that human efficiency depends on human comfort. Because much of the cadet's actual learning will come from his after-class studies, it is essential that conditions in the dormitory rooms be coordinated and designed to provide the most efficient learning climate possible," Colonel Stoltz said.

"The problem is especially critical in this area because of the intense daytime sunlight, cold nights, rapid outside temperature variations, and climate changes."

"Before proceeding with construction of the buildings we must determine how they will be affected by these conditions," he said.

The experiment also involves the testing of room arrangements, furnishings, lighting, sound and equipment.—United Press.

## £518 FINDER TAKES ALL

London. Howard Thomas last week changed from a 2/6-a-week schoolboy with a second-hand bicycle to a capitalist with £518 8/0 in his bank book.

Howard, 13, struck it rich while following his hobby of archaeology.

In the ruins of a Norman castle at Farnham, two miles from home, in Surrey, he found two tin cans containing £518 8/0 in notes and silver.

That was three months ago.

Last week he called at Barry Dock Police Station. He was told by Superintendent Leonard Abraham: "It is all yours. And nobody can take it from you."

And with the same honesty that Howard had shown when he reported his find, the police handed him back the two tin cans as well as his money.

Said a detective: "I was undoubtedly the possessor of a robbery."

## FAMILY ALL MAs TOGETHER



Oxford. Dr. Campbell Dyke, 69, pathologist and biologist, curator of the Histological Collection at Birmingham University. His daughter, Mrs. Janet Mary Dyke, 34, who is also a doctor, and son Hugh, 29, travelled up to Oxford together.

Mrs Dyke took her B.A. in 1924. Daughter Elizabeth took her B.A. in 1944 and her Bachelor of Medicine in 1947.

Son Hugh was the only one to start today's ceremony without a degree. He received B.A. and M.A. together.

## MAN AGAINST ROBOT

And British Workers Are Becoming Frightened

Coventry.

The traditionally stolid British worker is becoming frightened.

Frightened at the spectre of automation—of armies of men placed from their jobs by machines that NOT only shape raw materials into complicated, marketable articles but also judge the quality of the finished product.

The clank of the robot is sounding in Coventry and beginning to reverberate through Britain.

Thousands of men out of a labour force of 11,000 at Standard Motor Company's car factory are scheduled to be replaced by robotlike machines.

## THE DEBATE

The Company says it cannot find work for the 3,000. But the entire work force of 11,000 at Standard's walked out recently on a strike that has started a crucial men or machines debate throughout full employment Britain. (The strikers have since decided to return to work.)

The strike has roused the fear of automation. Automation is a new word, coined at the Ford Company's plants in America. Roughly, it means the equipping of factories with machines that do the work quicker and better than the most nimble man—or scores of pairs of human hands.

The factory workers put it this way: "The old machines had muscles but used human muscles too. The new ones have eyes and ears and hands. They even have electric brains." The new machines can stamp out bodies without human supervision. They can manufacture and polish gear wheels to microscopic exactness, and then assemble them into intricate gearboxes. They can count and weigh and supervise. They can do most things a man can do in the factory—faster and better.

## THE ALARM

Since the war, automation has cut half the number of workers needed to produce each car in one British factory. But sales have risen and there have been no dismissals.

The reason that automation now raises such alarm among

car workers is that the Chancellor of the Exchequer Mr. Harold Macmillan's measures to cut consumer spending have forced a revision in industrial production schedules. Industrial leaders can no longer bank on increasing consumer demand, and no longer plan a steady rise in production for the British market.

Even capital has misgivings about sweeping and sudden introduction of automation. The story is now circulating about American labour leader Walter Reuther's visit to a Ford plant in America that was virtually run by machines.

"How are you going to collect union dues from these guys," asked his guide.

"How are you going to get them to buy (Ford) cars," countered Reuther.

## LIMITED SCALE

Fear of reducing the number of consumers with purchasing power has not been a major obstacle to automation in Britain.

The major hindrances have been Britain's lack of capital to replace antiquated machinery, and traditional British conservatism. That is why Britain is far behind the United States in automation.

But interest is spreading among British manufacturers—and of course among British unions.

Most British motor companies have introduced automation on a limited scale. British business firms have brought in electronic calculators, but again the automation is almost infantile as compared with American firms. British machine tool manufacturers have fled away from automation.

The British Labour Ministry is carrying out a study of the effects of automation. So is the Institute of Production Engineers.

The urgency felt in Britain is indicated by the emergency creation last week of a Parliamentary sub-committee on automation. The Production Department of the powerful Trades Union Congress linked historically and financially with the Labour Party—has been deep in study

of automation for more than a year. The Communist-influenced Amalgamated Engineering Union declared its almost unqualified opposition to automation at its annual conference last week. This may indicate a crossing of wires in the Communist camp.

The Communist Daily Worker declared in a front page editorial:

"No serious body of workers is opposed to automation any more than they are opposed to electricity or to any development in the productive forces." The editor of the Daily Worker, James Campbell, has written a 18-page pamphlet on automation. "A most insoucious document," is how Campbell privately describes it. "Well to the right of Walter Reuther," Campbell's pamphlet accepts the principle of technological advance but demands that the unions "impose on firms engaging in automation agreements to carry redundant workers until they can be absorbed elsewhere."

## PLAN NEEDED

The problem of absorbing workers displaced by automation is at the root of the present alarm in Britain.

Most British working men feel that the general economy would benefit despite temporary displacement of workers. And they feel that these workers would eventually be absorbed in other industries, including the entertainment industry, which is bound to grow as automation gives workers more leisure time. But the prospect of men thrown out of work—however temporarily—is too close to the British workers' memories of the lean 1930's. They insist on planned replacement.—United Press.

Glass From  
Outer  
Space Found

Washington. The earth is strewn with millions of glass fragments that may have formed the shell of a lost world, blasted to pieces in a colossal collision with another planet.

This theory was advanced by Dr. Ralph State of the National Bureau of Standards in a report for the Smithsonian Institution. He said a glass-encrusted planet the size of earth probably at one time moved around the sun in the orbit between those of Mars and Jupiter. He said this "lost" planet was destroyed in a collision with another planet—perhaps its twin moving in the same area. In the collision, some of these glass fragments were blown out of the planet's system, and some were scattered elsewhere. Others continue to bombard the earth, Dr. State said.—United Press.

SCIENTISTS  
FERTILISE  
A LAKE!

Hobart. Australian scientists recently rejuvenated a lake.

Lake Dobson lies with Lake Fenton in a National Park 50 miles from Hobart.

The lake is a beauty spot popular with Tasmanians and tourists. The Park authorities decided to make fishing an added attraction.

As there were few fish in the lake they released, in 1930, 70,000 brown trout fry into it.

These just disappeared.

Ten years later the Park authorities released 100,000 rainbow trout fry into Lake Dobson, a neighbouring lake.

Most of the fish apparently died young.

## ENTER THE EXPERTS

The Park people then called in C.S.I.R.O. Fisheries Division specialists A. Weatherley and A. G. Nicholls.

Analysing the lake water, the scientists found it short of oxygen. Aquatic plant and animal life was scanty.

The mud on the lake floor contained little available phosphates or other essential growth factors.

Lake life is a cycle depending on aquatic plants. Tiny water creatures live on the plants, bigger creatures prey on these, small fish prey on these, bigger fish prey on small ones.

The two scientists decided to enrich the lake mud, so as to produce a flourishing cycle of life.

## IT GOES OVERBOARD

They mixed up three-quarters of a ton of fertilizer (superphosphate, ammonium sulphate, potassium chloride, ground limestone) and placed it in paper bags which they dropped in the lake from a fast-moving boat.

Subsequent tests showed a remarkable response.

The lake's inhabitants began to flourish, beginning with aquatic plants and ending with fish.

The lake got another treatment two years later and now there's good fishing there.

The two scientists believe super was the main factor in this achievement.

In other words, like poor agricultural land, a "poor lake" can be fertilized to yield bumper fish crops.

SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND PEOPLE HAVE SEEN THE SHOW DURING OUR FAR EASTERN TOUR... HAVE YOU SEEN IT... IF NOT BOOK NOW TO MAKE SURE OF YOUR SEATS.

## EMPIRE THEATRE

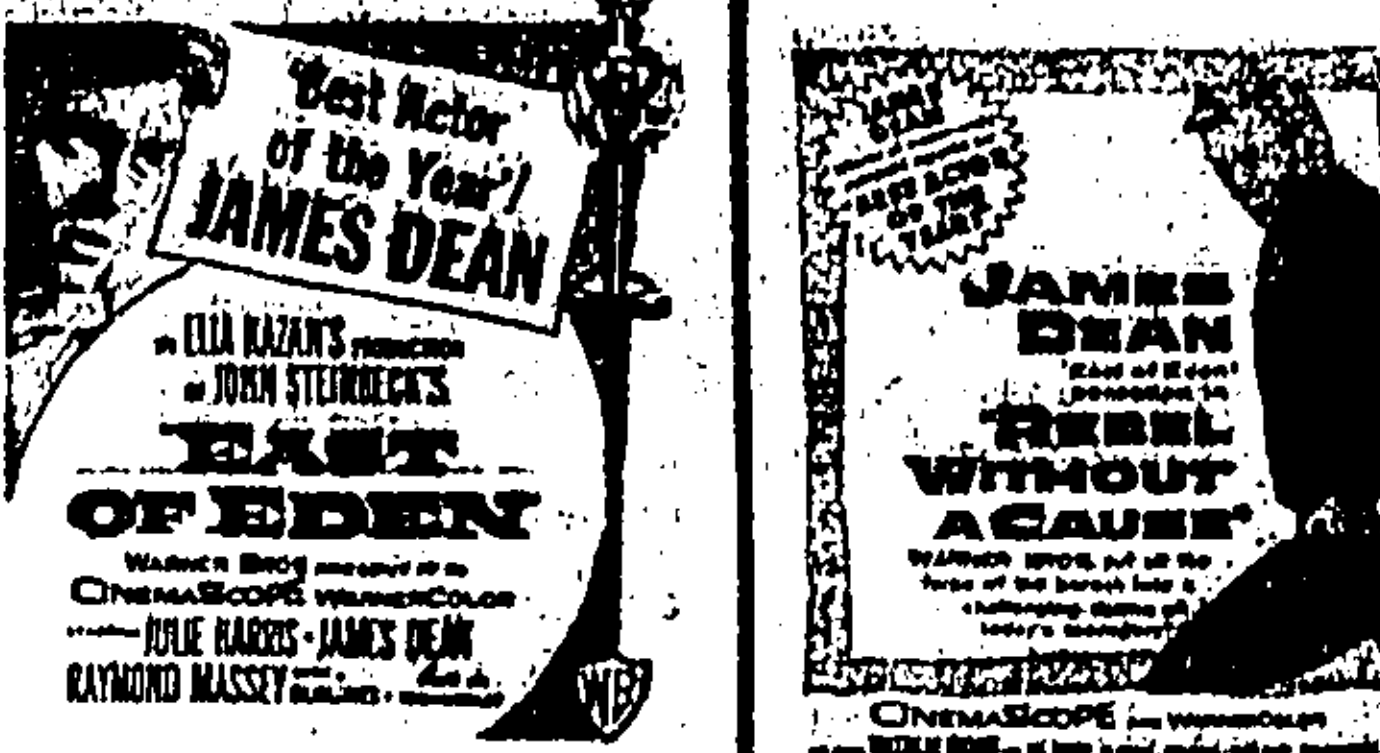
OPENS TO-DAY AT 7.15 & 9.30 P.M. FROM TO-MORROW DAILY 2.30, 7.15 & 9.30 P.M. ENTIRE PROCEEDS OF THE 7.15 SHOW IS IN AID OF H.K. ANTI-TUBERCULOSIS ASSCN.

BOOKINGS NOW OPEN AT EMPIRE THEATRE PHONE 70103 CHINA EMPORIUM LTD. PHONE 28065 ADMISSION \$10, \$6, \$4.70 & \$3.50



## CAPITOL CITY

— FINAL TO-DAY — At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m. SHOWING TO-DAY At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.



SUNDAY MORNING SHOW At 12.30 p.m. "PRIVATE LIFE OF ELIZABETH ESSEX" TO-MORROW "SINCERELY YOURS"

To-morrow Special Show At 12.30 p.m. "MONTANA TERRITORY" Color by Technicolor



Gentleness means so much GENTLE moments come as a welcome pause in the hurry of modern living. And a gentle smile brings needed solace, too. That's why this new Philip Morris, made gentle for modern taste, has such special appeal for our younger smokers. Enjoy the gentle pleasure the fresh unflavored flavour — of today's new Philip Morris. Ask for it in the smart new package.

New Philip Morris... gentle for modern taste





SINGER Dorothy Dandridge ("Carmen Jones") travelled from her cabaret spot at London's Savoy Hotel to attend Oxford's traditional May Morning celebration. She sat in a punt at dawn to listen to singing from the top of Magdalen College tower, and then danced with the university's jazz club members. Dorothy here sings, with trumpet obligato. (Express)



THE world's best-looking ship's crew has just set sail from England for Australia in the ketch Quest III. The four girls are Beany Thompson, Pat Grieve, Leonie Cockland and Sally Kerr-Field. And the skipper is a mere male—28-year-old New Zealander Martin Brent. That's him hoisting the rum barrel. (Express)



ADMIRAL of the Fleet Sir George Creasy has a new command. He enjoyed sailing his model yacht in the pond during a garden party given by General Gruenther, Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, at his residence at Marnes-la-Coquette, near Paris.



AFTER the presentation of the Freedom of the City of Wells, Somerset, to the Somerset Light Infantry (Prince Albert's). The Mayor, Mrs. F. McKee, inspecting the parade after the General Salute in the Market Place. (Army News)



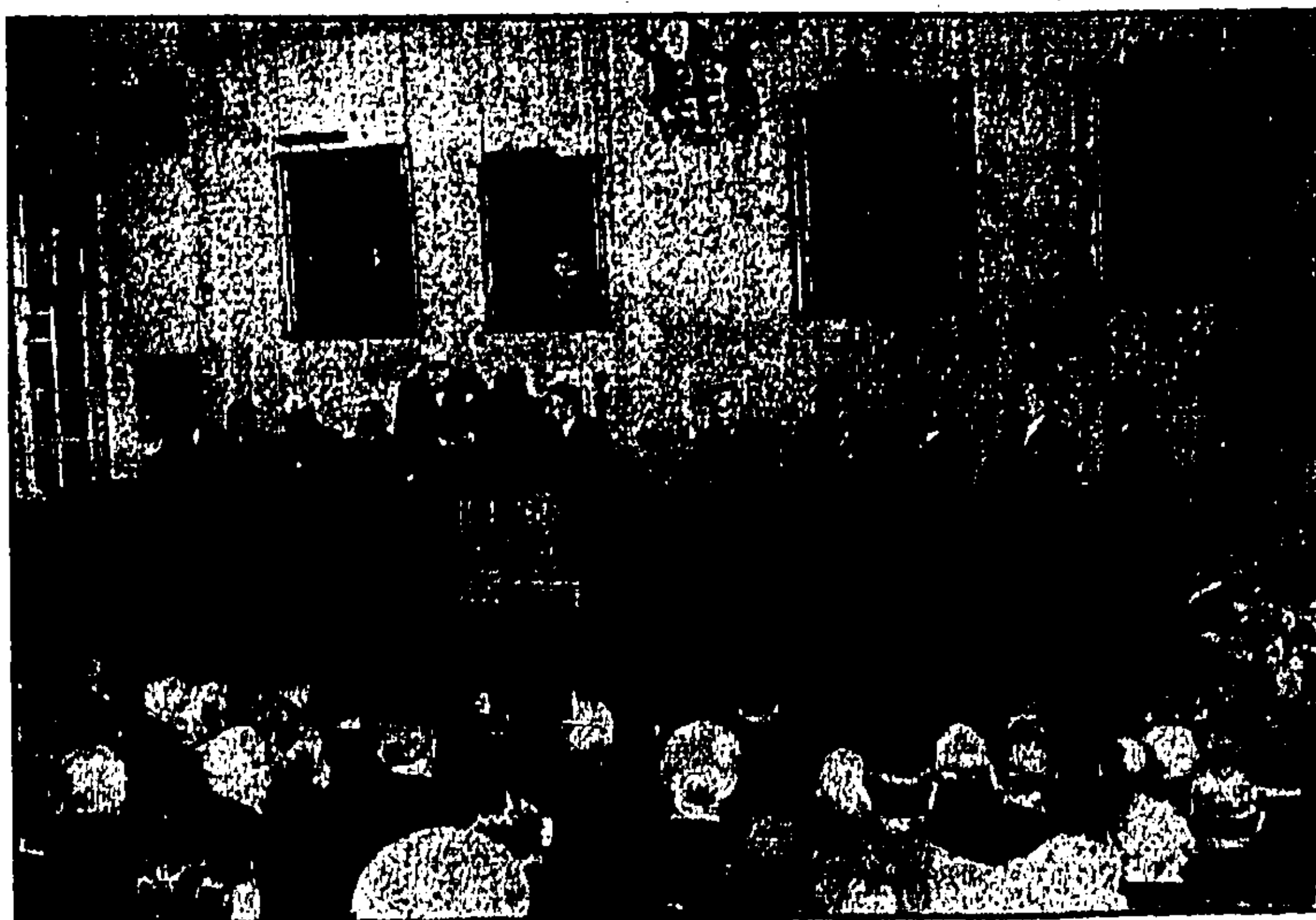
PIETRO ANNIGONI, 45-year-old Italian artist from Florence, snapped on his arrival in London for the current Royal Academy show. Last year he created a sensation with his portrait of the Queen. This year he has on view a fine portrait of Dame Margot Fonteyn. (Express)

## HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



LEFT: Ronald Lewis, a little-known actor from Glamorgan, Wales, has jumped to fame sharing the lead with Vivien Leigh in a new Noel Coward comedy, "South Sea Bubble," in London. He is 27, and critics predict a future for him. (Express)

BELOW: Sir Winston Churchill delivering his speech of thanks after being installed as Grand Seigneur of the Company of Adventurers of England Trading Into Hudson's Bay. His ancestor, the first Duke of Marlborough, was Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company from 1685 to 1691. (Express)



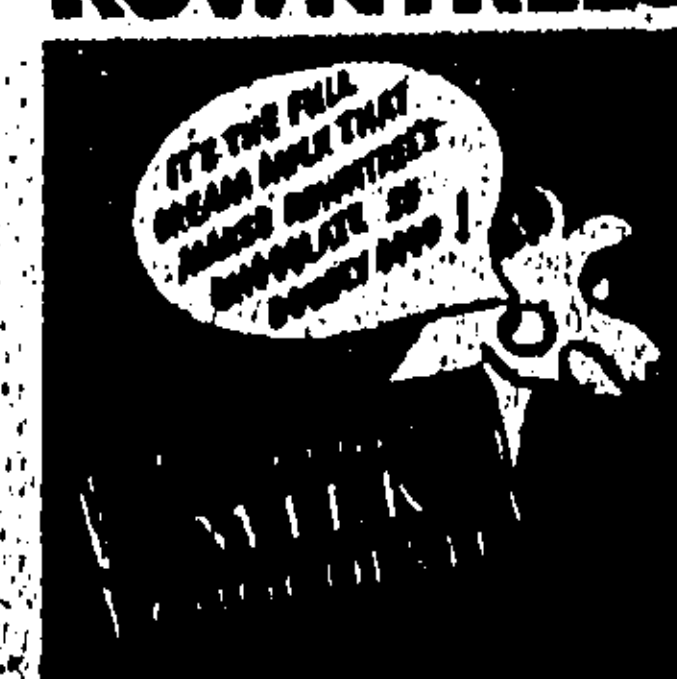
FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD Anthony Kemp, a schoolboy at Harrow, rode at Birmingham with some of the best amateur jockeys of England in the Rugby Amateur Riders' Plate over 1 1/4 miles. Harrow masters said it was the first time any boy from the school has wanted to become a jockey. (Express)

By Ernie Bushmiller

### NANCY



### ROWNTREES





## COUPLE FAINTED AT THE ALTAR

By Raymond Brown

"I CAN'T do it," a young American told his bride-to-be as she entered the church just before their wedding. After this dramatic announcement the distraught bridegroom ran from the church. He just could not face up to the strain of a marriage service.

His experience is not unique. Clergymen have witnessed many strange happenings at the altar when the nerve of the bride or bridegroom has failed. At a wedding in St. John's, Norway, the bridegroom fainted before the altar. He was revived with water, but no sooner had he recovered than the bride swooned. She was also revived and the ceremony went on.

### Ran From Church

When attractive Olwen Rowley was asked, "Will you take this man?" she screamed "I will not," and ran from the church. Equally sensational was the reply of a bridegroom to the question, "Will you have this woman?" "No," he shouted. With that he returned home and locked himself in a cupboard.

What must be the fear and dread of every woman happened to a young South American bride. During the marriage service the skirt of her two-piece costume, which she had forgotten to secure, slipped to the floor. The embarrassing situation caused the bridegroom to faint. The minister hurriedly looked elsewhere, and in the confusion only the best man had the presence of mind to remove his coat and drape it round the blushing bride's parties.

At a Manchester wedding, a beautiful young bride was left waiting at the altar when the bridegroom disappeared. He returned two days later. Just before the ceremony he had mounted his bicycle and gone in search of a suitable flower for his buttonhole. Then, it seems, the strain of getting married had its effect. On two days he cycled round the countryside in a mental blackout.

### Astonishing Sequel

Probably the most astonishing sequel to a wedding was that at the marriage of an Italian, 14-year-old Guglielmo Ferretti, to pretty Laura Rapallo, 21 years his junior. Everything was ready for the marriage when Guglielmo discovered that his father-in-law was his child-hood sweetheart, now widowed. He immediately cancelled the wedding and married his bride's mother.

At a Tennessee wedding the bride arrived at church to find the best man standing at the place of the bridegroom. At the last moment the bridegroom's nerve had failed. "I can't go through with this," you stand in for me," he whispered to the best man before changing places. (Continued)



"You might like to know that while you've been up at Claridges keeping an eye on Bulgarian someone nipped in here and pinched your bike."

London Express Service

One Of The World's Strangest Stories—It stands as one of the grimmest documents ever penned by a woman—the confession of the Marquise de Brinvilliers, the

# PERSISTENT POISONER

By ELIZABETH MacEWAN

URGENTLY but thoroughly the hand of some young man in the long black robes of an abbe scoured through the piles of female clothing in the little convent room. Desgrez, France's top detective, seized a small, locked casket and forced it open. Inside he found a sheet of paper.

He glanced at the closely written words on it. He knew his search was complete.

### Stark Sentences

It was the confession of Madame de Brinvilliers written in her own firm muscular handwriting. It stands as one of the grimmest documents ever written by a woman.

Here are a few of the stark sentences read by the disguised

police officer in the Liege convent cell in March, 1676.

"I accuse myself of having ruined myself with a man already married and having given him much money."

"I accuse myself that this man whom my father imprisoned, was the father of two of my children."

"I accuse myself that I have poisoned my father."

"I had my two brothers poisoned."

"I wanted to poison my sister who was angry with me for the horrible manner of my life."

"I accuse myself of having given poison five or six times to my husband. Then I regretted it and treated him until he was cured."

"I accuse myself of having taken poison, and also of giving some to one of my children."

Four months later the woman who wrote this document had been tried, convicted, tortured and beheaded. After poisoning some 30 people during a period of ten years, Marie Marguerite,

Marquise de Brinvilliers, the most beautiful and most light-hearted poisoner in French history, died at the age of 40.

Marie Marguerite started life with a golden spoon in her mouth. She was the daughter of Dreux d'Aubray, the rich, influential Civil Lieutenant of Paris.

When she married the wealthy Marquis de Brinvilliers at the age of 17 she was known as one of the loveliest, most amusing members of the "smart set," for whom all doors were open.

### In Love

SHORTLY after this marriage of convenience her husband, Antoine, introduced her to his friend, Gaudin de Sainte-Croix, a handsome young officer from Gascony. He expected them to fall in love; indeed, he hoped they would, since it would leave him free to pursue his own amours.

His strategy was successful. The Marquise never troubled to conceal her intrigue with Sainte-Croix.

Immediately her father, Dreux d'Aubray, stepped in. The situation had gone too far. He begged Marie Marguerite to give up her lover for the sake of the honour of her family. She snapped her fingers in his face.

But not even daughters can snap their fingers at Civil Lieutenants. D'Aubray had Sainte-Croix flogged into the Bastille. He was released within three months, but the Marquise swore she would be revenged.

In the Bastille Sainte-Croix made the acquaintance of Europe's most proficient professional poisoner, Exill, who taught Sainte-Croix how to make his most effective poison. His recipe was as follows: a load, mixed with arsenic, is left for a few days after death; it is then rendered down and crushed into a powder.

Before tackling her more important prospective victims, the Marquise decided she had better have a little practice in poisoning.

She became a frequent visitor at the Hotel Diez, Paris' largest public hospital. Like a ministering angel she glided down the rows of patients, tenderly, holding sweets, wine and biscuits to their grateful mouths.

Some died within the hour, others took weeks and months. But since the sick in the seventeenth century stood little chance of recovery their deaths—caused by the poison—aroused no suspicions.

### Short Of Money

HER own maid never recovered after eating a gooseberry handed to her by her mistress on the point of a knife. In a few months the Marquise was able to estimate and regulate the strength and action of the poison.

Three years after Sainte-Croix had been released from the Bastille, one of his most trusted servants, La Chaussee, became Dreux d'Aubray's valet. At Whitehall, 1686, the Marquise visited her father on the family estate in Picardy. By September he was dead—"natural causes," said the physicians.

After this Madame de Brinvilliers spent more money than ever. When Sainte-Croix became too engrossed in selling poisons to desperate men and aristocratic courtiers, she alternately ragged at him and used her powers of fascination on other men.

In 1670, when desperately short of money, Marie Marguerite remembered she had never liked her two brothers, who had inherited the major share of her father's fortune.

La Chaussee therefore joined the household of the elder Antoine d'Aubray, and in June, 1670, he died. "A malignant humour," said the doctors.

In September the younger brother died. "Disorder of the internal organs," said the surgeons.

By this time a surprising number of people knew the Marquise's secret. Apart from Sainte-Croix and La Chaussee, she entrusted her secret to her children's tutor, her maid and two servants. Her husband knew enough to drink pink milk all day just in case she might grow impatient with him, too. This undoubtedly saved his life. Yet no one told the police.

### Glass Mask

TWO years passed by, and the Marquise began to toy with the idea of getting rid of her one surviving sister, a nun.

Then the glass mask which Sainte-Croix wore as he prepared yet another poisonous brew broke. He inhaled the fumes and died instantly.

Sainte-Croix's room was found to be full of poisons. A casket of poisons contained a letter saying it belonged to the Marquise de Brinvilliers. Fortunately, the Marquise left for England. La Chaussee confessed, but would not incriminate the Marquise and was broken on the wheel. He was executed in 1673, a year after his master's death.

For three years the Marquise lived in exile, supplied with money by the sister she had thought to poison. Then, in 1670, the Marquise took refuge in a convent at Liege.

The power of the Church prevented her being arrested while in the convent. It was then that Desgrez, the detective, disguised himself as an abbe. By making love to her he lured her out of the convent for a walk by the river.

Police officers concealed behind some trees immediately arrested her.

### Last Ride

DREADFULLY all Paris and most of Europe followed her trial. When she was condemned she confessed but refused to incriminate anyone.

On the evening of Friday, July 17, 1670, dressed in the white robe of the penitent, the Marquise was assisted into a tumbrel by her confessor and executioner.

For an hour she knelt before the block while the executioner laboriously and slowly prepared the axe. The crowd hissed, whistled and prayed. As the clock struck eight o'clock the executioner's axe fell.

(Continued)



The Marquise de Brinvilliers at the time of her execution.

## THE TEDDY BOYS OF HONGKONG

# NOT ALL OUR FEI TSAI ARE HARMLESS...

By ALBERT STEWART

ENGLAND has her Teddy Boys, America its razor gangs, Holland its C.C. Fiends and Exhaust Pigeons. Hongkong has its "Fei Tsai".

Fei Tsai, a Cantonese term meaning "smart boys," (not to be confused with the term for "fat boy") are local teenagers trying to copy the ways of their counterparts in Europe and the U.S.

Here in Hongkong, the Fei Tsai ranks are composed of different types, each as different from one another as night and day.

There is the Teddy Boy type. Their speech, dress and manner are exactly those of British Teddy Boys. Long, thick wavy hair adorns their heads, with prominent locks jutting over foreheads and sideburns stretching down the cheeks. The change is too hot for the characteristic Edwardian jackets with velvet lapels. But black drain-pipe trousers are particularly worn with brightly coloured or black shirts and black stringy ties. Such a shock with wavy sole complete the attire.

The typical Hongkong Fei Tsai are very similar to the teenagers depicted in Hollywood films such as "The Blackboard Jungle," "Rebel Without A Cause,"

and they are not all teenagers, the majority being in their twenties. Their meeting places are mostly bars and dance halls. Harmless by themselves, they can be menacing in groups and under the influence of alcohol. They are boastful and bawdy, always fun-seeking.

The typical Hongkong Fei Tsai are very similar to the teenagers depicted in Hollywood films such as "The Blackboard Jungle," "Rebel Without A Cause,"

### WAVY HAIR

The majority of this type are teenage schoolboys aping the dress and speech of teenagers in America just to be up-to-date and smart. Hairstyles of these Fei Tsai range from U.S. Marine crew cuts to long, wavy hair, swept from the sides to the back of the head. Crow cuts, looking like Glenn Ford's as he appeared in "The Blackboard Jungle" and "Rebel Without A Cause," are most popular among the European and Portuguese boys. Wavy locks find expression on the heads of the local Chinese teenagers wanting to look like film stars Tony Curtis.

Western style blue jeans and 1000-fitting Hawaiian shirts are

the favourite wear. In winter, leather jackets are inevitable.

The latest dress craze, however, is the one-colour shirt—usually pink, bright red, yellow or chocolate. The rounded collars are buttoned on to the shirt for smartness. Tight fitting trousers are either charcoal grey or fawn, held up by the latest and narrowest leather belts. Ties are narrow and match the shades of shirt and trousers. Cuff-links and tie pins are worn for added adornment.

Favourite rendezvous of these Fei Tsai are billiards saloons, where they are fond of the pin-ball machines. Apart from playing snooker, billiards or going to the cinema, they arrange their own dancing parties.

Muscle at such parties usually comprises the latest number one jazz of the "Shogun Boogie" and "Rock Around the Clock" brand.

"Man, dig that crazy music," a teenager told me. We were listening to "Rock Around the Clock" and he proceeded to wave the latest jazz for my benefit. If you cannot live or do the mambo at such parties, you are a "square" or a "country bumpkin".

Another type of Hongkong Fei Tsai is very different to the C.C.

Fiends of Holland. These youths all possess their own motorcycles. On weekends they gather together very much like Marion Brando's troop in "The Wild One," and spend out to the Territories for some fun. The fun in summer—either swimming or long joy-rides. In winter it is hunting in the pre-dawn twilight of the Territories.

### BOY VICTIMS

A further type comprises young unemployed men well on their way to becoming criminals. They are the leaders and organizers of illegal societies. Many are locally enlisted soldiers discharged for misdemeanour. They prey on innocent schoolboys, forcing them to join their societies (for a fee) to gain protection.

Meaningless rituals are thought up to initiate the schoolboys who are to be initiated into the society. Those refusing to join are lured up to quiet roof-tops or dark stairways and robbed of wrist watches, fountain pens and pocket money.

When a member has been in a fight, the society turns out in full force to bully the other party. If the offender is not a member of another society, he has no protection. To be saved from a merciless beating he is required to take the members to the usually costly office.

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# From A Modest Letter To A National Cult

By YORKE HENDERSON

UNTIL recently "U" was just a modest, rather pleasant looking letter near the end of the alphabet. Then author Nancy Mitford ("Love in a Cold Climate," "The Pursuit of Love") got to work on it. Now it is the most used, abused, talked-about, laughed-over letter in Britain.

In Miss Mitford's vocabulary "U" means upper-class. And speech, manners and behaviour are classed by her as "U" or "Non-U." Now, the signs are that Miss Mitford's dissertations on what is "U" and what is not are very much tongue-in-cheek.

In any country other than England it's doubtful even that the U-cult would have attracted any notice, far less made an impression. But in England it has caught on alarmingly. Cartoonists have lampooned it, columnists have attacked it, comedians have found it a fruitful source of jokes, and a large slice of the general public is becoming U-conscious.

The significant fact, however, is that the U-cult is becoming something more than a joke. It has struck a sympathetic chord deep down inside the English soul. For despite increasing inroads on their traditional insularity, the English are still at heart fossilists.

Possibly the most severe criticism an Englishman can pass on anything is that it is "not good form." Not that it is essentially good or bad. Simply that it is bad form. Or it is "just not done."

And to discover what is "form" and what is "done" the Englishman looks to the social class immediately ahead of his own. Since the U-cult purports to tell him what U-people regard as "form," you can appreciate the social impact of this now rather wearisome joke.

EVERYTHING

AND what has Mr Average Englishman learned from the high priests of "U." Primarily that almost everything he does and says is "Non-U." When he talks of his serviette or his home, his cycle or his money or says "pleased to meet you" to a stranger, he is being very "Non-U." (U-terms are napkin, house, bike, never any mention of money, and "how do you do?"—the last requiring no answer). "Non-U" people pour milk into a cup before they pour the tea, and they take sugar in their coffee.

All excessively trivial and doubtless a satire by Miss Mitford on the social birthmarks of the upper-class from which she herself comes. But the cult grows, Miss Mitford writes a book about it and I can only agree with cartoonist Osbert Lancaster who summed up the reaction of all stubborn "Non-U's" in his cartoon on this page.

BRIGHT?

AFTER the foregoing, what follows may be difficult to credit. But did you know that the British are the world's most intelligent people?

The opinion is that of the Chinese Nationalist students of the National Cheng Chi University of Formosa. They were sounded on the humanity rating of the people they share the world with by a certain Dr. Carlom Culmsee, of Utah State College.

They rather took the shine off the compliment, however, by rating the British as the world's most conceited people as well.

POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER



"Oh, to hell with Nancy Mitford! What I always say is—if it's ME it's U!"

As a long-term resident of these northern isles, I feel that the Formosan students might have been nearer the mark had they described the British as the most reasonable people.

As to whether or not they are conceited, well, as Robert Burns said: "Would some power no! the to see ourselves us!"

CHANGE:

SIGNIFICANT of changing social values in Britain was a full page advertisement which appeared in a well-known British motoring magazine.

In it the world-famous engineering firm, Rolls-Royce, asked for applications for apprenticeships and they stipulated that the boys they sought should come from public schools or grammar schools.

Now, in the past the public schools—which are anything but what their name suggests—turned out almost exclusively recruits for (forgive the expression) the U-professions, i.e., the Army, Navy, Foreign Service, Church (of England, of course), and the Bar. The grammar schools, slightly lower on the social scale, turned out white collar workers and civil servants.

Apprentices were the product of local council schools, humble homes and the "working class." Socially acceptable white-collar jobs were taken by the public and grammar school boys often at a financial sacrifice. Tied-stained hands would have marked them as social pariahs. But as Britain awakens to the vital need for more and more technologists, the recruits to such jobs are being accorded a completely new, and higher, social status.

Sic transit...

## Another 'inside' story from DEADLINE & DATELINE by RENE MacCOLL

CHAPTER TWO



THE DICTATOR WHO CLAWED HIS WAY TO THE TOP. BUT KEPT HIS DIGNITY... THAT'S TITO

Roving Reporter RENE MacCOLL (left) interviews TITO... Forceful and fascinating

# THE COOLEST OPERATOR I KNOW...

THEY often ask me whom I consider to be the most impressive man or woman that I have ever interviewed.

I have interviewed hundreds of people in many parts of the world, from Marilyn Monroe to Mrs Pandit; Menzies of Australia to Zsa Zsa Gabor; Anthony Eden to sculpting Epstein; Adlai Stevenson to the wife of the King of Albania; the late Amy Johnson to Stanley Laurel; the late Al Capone to evangelist Sister MacPherson; Sam Goldwyn to P. G. Wodehouse.

Surveying the straggling field, I shall reply that among the six most impressive persons that I have ever interviewed, professionally is Tito of Yugoslavia.

★ ★ ★

A N immense force of character is radiated by Tito. He has natural dignity, but can unbend in seemingly fashion on occasion. He has come a long way from long, hard work to become boss of his rough, tough nation of 17 millions. In 1933 he visited Britain; he was received as an honoured guest by the Queen, and the Lord Mayor of London.

He was then the respected head of a friendly State, comporting himself with dignity and charm, but just 14 years before, in 1939 when the Queen's father, George VI, and mother, Elizabeth the Queen Mother, had paid a state visit to Paris, things had been quite different.

The pre-royal visit check by the French in 1939 was drastic in its thoroughness. Blue-chinned "flies" went prowling the streets and by-ways and blocks of flats in Paris on the lookout for undesirable. Josip Broz then a young revolutionary on the run, was unquestionably undesirable. He had about the activities of the police, and decided to get out while the going was good, false passports and all.

Fourteen years later—and he was bowed into Buckingham Palace. Tito fought hard and doggedly through the harsh winter of 1941 and night attack and parachute drop, among the great mountains of Yugoslavia in the last war.

He embraced Communism, went to Moscow, knew Stalin. He broke with Moscow, defied Stalin, was called a "traitor" and much else by Radio Moscow for his pains.

Britain and America tilted the break with Moscow started to smile approvingly. Tito playing his cards admirably, began to pick up a little loose change, in the shape of economic and military aid, from the West.

★ ★ ★

JUST when it seemed that Tito, although Communist, was a "different" Communist, the scene changed completely. It all started in 1948 when I was sitting talking to him in his modest home in Dedinje, a Belgrade suburb in March 1953. In Moscow, Stalin lay dying of a stroke although the event was not announced until some time later.

Stalin's death started the train of events leading to the great Russian about-face of the spring of May 1955, when Bulganin and Krushchev went to Belgrade together on the first of their world but effective foreign good-will tours.

Since then Tito has been playing both ends against the middle with a vengeance. Nobody is quite sure how far he has swayed back into the Russian camp; what his future intentions are towards Moscow.

Watch out for more MacColl memories next Saturday

# BIG GAME

—By—  
GERALD ALLEN

LUCAS and I had just missed a train and were whiling away half-an-hour in the buffet, when Gunter came in. The great bore of the River Severn is just a small brother of Gunter's, and we tried hard to look like two other chaps. But he spotted us and we knew we were for it.

"Hullo, you blokes," he cried. "Just heard a deuced funny story. You know an elephant is supposed never to forget? Well, a big game hunter had caught an elephant in a trap."

"What sort of a trap?" asked Lucas.

"An elephant trap, I suppose. It wouldn't be much good using anything smaller."

"They dig a big pit and cover it over with branches—" I began.

"And then tether an elephant of the opposite sex—" cut in Lucas.

"Sex again," I murmured regretfully.

"Anyway this chap caught an elephant, quite a young one," Gunter continued doggedly.

"African or Indian?" asked Lucas.

"I don't really see it makes any difference."

"An old one of one breed might quite easily be mistaken for a young one of the other, and then the whole story falls to the ground."

"Look," said Gunter, with surprising patience, "this chap caught a young elephant. Is that clear?"

We nodded gravely, and the story-teller proceeded, his paunch already a quiver at the thought of the shockingly funny ending to his tale.

"It was such a jolly little thing that he let it go again."

"Most unwise of him," I said sharply. "An uncle of mine once threw back a tadpole, and he now has reason to believe it's grown into the Loch Ness monster. At any rate, each year he receives a mysterious postcard on his birthday. The card smells strongly of fish, is postmarked Inverness, and is addressed in phosphorescent ink."

"Why?" asked Gunter incautiously.

"To help the postal sorters—the card just catches the night mail."

"I believe you're pulling my leg," commented Gunter in a puzzled way. "Well, years later, this hunter chap was a bit down on his luck, and happened to notice that there was a circus performance in the town in which he happened to be at the time."

"What town was that?"

"It's nothing to do with the story what town it was, but if you insist let's say it was Saffron Walden."

"What an amazing coincidence!" said Lucas. "The finest circus I ever saw was at Saffron Walden. There were tigers on tightropes, and monkeys on bicycles shot from guns, and performing dogs riding side-saddle on ponies. Would it be the same show, d'you think?"

"This chap took a ticket—just a cheap one, because he was hard up."

"He wasn't in a position to throw money away like that, however cheap the seat," I said severely.

"He was fond of circuses," went on Gunter, speaking very carefully and quietly. "I think he was fighting for self-control."

"He was well at the back, but enjoying the show when, all of a sudden, he noticed a huge performing elephant watching him with great interest," continued Gunter.

"Here it comes," whispered Lucas. "Fell out of my cradle laughing at this one."

"What's that?" barked Gunter suspiciously.

"Said I can't wait to hear the end of this one," answered my friend blandly.

"He recognised the animal as the one he'd released all those years ago—knew it because it had badly notched ears!" I asked.

"Did I ever tell you?" I asked, "that I was once engaged to a girl with notched ears? Great big strapping girl she was—hockey international. Her great, great-grandfather had been killed at Bannockburn, and every time she scored a goal against Scotland, she cut another notch in her ears. Unfortunately, one evening when we were exchanging address little confidences, as lovers will, I let out the fact that I'd a childhood sweetheart called Melisande MacTavish. That terminated the engagement. I was struck down by a hockey stick and left for dead. You can still see the mark on my forehead."

# THESE PROPHETS CRY DOOM

By STANFORD TATE

SCARCELY a year passes without some "Doomsday S prophet" announces an impending calamity for our earth. A recent prediction is that the world will come to an end in June this year, when a planet—at present heading this way—crashes into it.

One might think that in this age of science, predictions of imminent catastrophe would not be taken so seriously, yet with each "prophecy" a new crop of disciples prepares for the worst.

It is only a few years ago that the 20,000 inhabitants of Dinkelsbuehl, Germany, suddenly began praying in the streets. The rumour had spread that the planet Saturn had broken out of its orbit and was plunging towards the earth. According to some reports it was heading straight for Dinkelsbuehl.

It was not only before the story spread through Germany, and hundreds of thousands of people became panic-stricken. It took the best efforts of the authorities to calm the people and restore order.

FRIGHTENED PEOPLE

In Pasadena, California, groups of frightened people sold their possessions, paid their debts, and generally made peace with their neighbours, when Reverend Charles C. Long told the world that our planet was shortly going to end in one gigantic explosion.

During the last few days before the appointed hour of doom, the panic spread farther afield and thousands of people all over the United States began making final preparations. Weather stations, planetariums and leading scientific institutions were swamped with inquiries asking when the end was coming.

Perhaps the most colourful "Doomsday prophet" of recent times was the Dane, John Mikkelsen. In 1943 he appeared in the streets of Copenhagen dressed in a long tunic, wearing a great beard and a very fierce expression, and announced that he was the reincarnation of the prophet Daniel.

He prophesied that the world was shortly due to perish by a great flood, far greater than the Biblical deluge, and that only he and his followers would survive. After making this fearful announcement he and his disciples started to build arks.

There are many in Europe who still have vivid memories of Padre Enesio, a Spanish monk, who, in 1893, plunged half the Continent into panic when he announced that the world would come to an end on September 25 that year. The confusion was so great that scores of newspapers published appeals to the public to keep calm.

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# MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



# By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



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# Princess Margaret puts me right about Ava...



CONTINUING: THE MAN WHO KNOWS GIRLS LIKE THIS

**JACK CARDIFF** is the cameraman Marilyn Monroe has insisted upon for her new picture. No one else can film a woman so well; no one can hide their weaknesses, highlight their beauty so well. But in his "Close-up of The Stars"—presented by **DAVID LEWIN**—he tells of one who criticised his technique: Princess Margaret.

**PRINCESS MARGARET** visited the film set where Jack Cardiff was shooting. He was introduced to her as "the man who makes women look beautiful." Cardiff had just finished filming Ava Gardner in "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman" which Miss Gardner liked so much she wanted Cardiff again when she made "Barfotea Contessa."

The Princess remembered a scene in "Pandora." "Why did Miss Gardner have to have that awful hairstyle in such and such a scene?" asked Princess Margaret. (She exact about the scene.)

Cardiff said: "Well, it was set in the twenties and that was roughly the way hair was worn at that time."

The Princess paused for a second, then she said: "If you can make women beautiful isn't it better to do that... and not be exact about a style?"

Says Cardiff: "Even as I was talking with Princess Margaret I couldn't help examining her face as though I were going to photograph her. The eyes so perfectly made up with just the precise amount of eye-shadow. And the face makes-up so exactly applied."

Through My Lens with JACK CARDIFF



## HOW I TOOK IT—No. 2 ...AUDREY HEPBURN

by Jack Cardiff

I tried a pose that should never be done—straight on to the camera. And I wanted to get a contrast in black and white.

Lighting: one direct cross light and a high light for the hair. And I enlarged it through a stocking to get special values on the face.



JACK CARDIFF (LEFT) ADVISES ON INGRID BERGMAN'S MAKE-UP

In her face and her lids were lower than I remembered before.

"When it comes to work she is a perfectionist. Hitch tried out his 10-minute take on our film—shooting 10 minutes at a time. That puts a tremendous strain on everyone. Hitch didn't blink or fluff a line once."

What Cardiff remembers most was the background shooting on "Under Capricorn." The scene was Australia in the middle of the last century. Hitchcock had the idea of making an Australian street scene out of a Wild West street standing outdoors at a Hollywood studio.

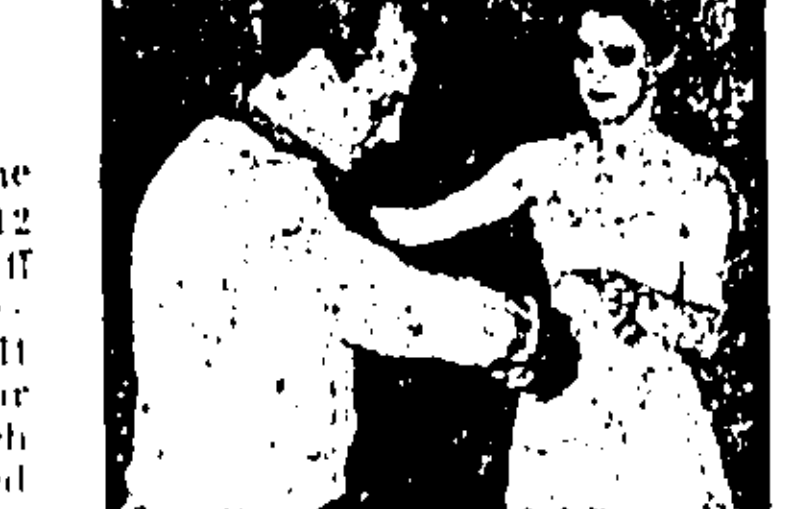
"Anyway the weather will be better in California for the exteriors," said Hitch.

Says Cardiff: "We waited two weeks for the sun to come out of the smog on that location."

## Apple cheeks

WHILE nothing caused Ingrid Bergman to fret or fuss, Moira Shearer, who also says, "I can give the impression of cold, composure, was just the reverse."

She made her first film, "The Red Shoes," and Cardiff gave her a camera test to see how she looked. Log report: "Watch those apple-round cheeks—they were like cream and kinds of cross lighting."



MOIRA SHEARER TEACHER JACK CARDIFF TO DANCE

But Shearer was shy. So Cardiff closed the set to strangers, put up a screen at the corner and with just an electrician for the lamps made the test so that no one could worry her.

The evolution of Moira Shearer from ballet to films was interesting to watch. At first she was so strange to the new world that she the star of the picture, would queue up to get a cup of tea for cameraman Cardiff.

By the end of the picture she had extremely definitely learned how she wanted her scenes to be played and made them clear to the director.

By then people were queuing up to serve her. "The iron of the Scot in her was showing," says Cardiff. "She has such innocent eyes and such implacable determination to get what she wants."

## Those lips

**DETERMINATION** that is the quality which all 12 of the most fascinating women in the world share in common.

Gina Lollobrigida perhaps shows it most clearly. She has been filmed so many times, but it is not an easy face to photograph. The Cardiff log notes: "Watch those cheeks and those lips. A false light and they will film badly."

Attention is directed at the figure—so carefully prepared with specially wired clothes. But Lollobrigida has a brain and realizes she must become an actress now," says Cardiff. "Her husband is her agent and they have made a successful business out of themselves."

"So successful that when I went to see them the specially imported trees in her garden were being watered—not from the tap but from bottles of mineral water."

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**NEXT SATURDAY: It's the man who worry**

# No Nonsense, Romance Has A Cash Value

by MILTON SHULMAN

London making level. Sex should be handled like a diamond drill. Love is a suspect thing likely to get you in the red.

There is no nonsense about broken-hearted females waiting for their man, begging him to return or offering to be his forevermore in Eartha's repertoire. "It don't take lots to get me to care," she purrs, stroking a fur coat. "I've even been nice to a poor millionaire."

Eartha's range is wonderful. She can use that velvet-and-cream voice of hers so that it trembles

making level. Sex should be handled like a diamond drill. Love is a suspect thing likely to get you in the red.



expected angles like some six-armed Oriental god having an argument.

After this first flurry of sound and movement, she gave us a chance to study her in repose by switching to a plaintive, enjoining refrain at a little girl looking for a little boy to love. Dipping an audience into alternative hot and cold numbers is a vital part of the Eartha technique.

Sheathed in white satin inconspicuously topped by a ribbon of pink, her black hair pulled tight off the face, her squat, feline features caught somewhere between a pout and a cress, she might have been one of Gauguin's beauties inexplicably transplanted from Tahiti to London's West End. The primitive look adds a shock element to the brittle sophistication that it cloaks.

Eartha Kitt is a blues singer whose moans are never about a man but about a milk coat. She has put romance on a strictly profit-

like an autumn leaf or bites like a harridan. Sometimes "Lilac wine is sweet and heady like my love"—she will wave it like an incense burner; sometimes—"apres moi you can have him"—she proffers it with voluptuous nonchalance; sometimes—"what is this thing called love?"—she flourishes it like a hot trumpet.

And being an instinctive actress, she takes on in voice and manner the characters—bitter, jealous, frail, gold-digging, hungry females—that people her fantastic, cynical world.

Every nuance and gesture of her performance is timed with the stealthy perfection of a sensitive body-trap. The most innocent lines burst out into the most unexpected effects. And she can keep an audience hanging on a pause like a parachute jumper who refuses to pull his cord until the very last second.

Eartha Kitt fits a cabaret to a minor art form. My sole reservation was that a few more new numbers would have tinged the evening with some fresh delight. But then, I am uncommonly greedy. (COPYRIGHT)

## IMAGINE A SCANDAL LIKE THIS HITTING US TODAY

FOR eight terrible days the jury considered its verdict. Outside, the city of Brooklyn was sweltering in midsummer heat, but even through the night hours the jurors were locked in the courthouse.

Several of them took ill. The foreman, a flour-dealer, swilling with coffee, had to be revived with brandy.

Meanwhile the nation waited. Crowds slept in the courthouse square. Every school was cancelled. Reporters, climbing out on to roofs with binoculars and telescopes, vent back the grins of the jury with its hour-to-hour movements for their editors to print.

What grave issue was being decided?

Could a clergyman sin? That was the basic question. Yet the man on trial was no ordinary clergyman. He was Henry Ward Beecher, brother of the woman who wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He was the most celebrated preacher the nation had ever seen.

He had made his ultra-fashionable church in Brooklyn into the biggest in America. He had the biggest congregation. He paid his sexton and organist the biggest salaries. He himself got \$35,000 yearly.

Every Sunday police controlled the crowds who rushed to fill the remainder of the 2,100 plush upholstered seats after his regular pew-holders had been fitted in. Every Sunday the ferries from New York were packed with people eager to hear the great preacher denounce the sins of the flesh.

## THE WOMAN —a confession

AND now he was on trial. The charge against him? That, when of his parishioners was away from home, he had stolen the man's wife.

How did it all begin? A new, richly entertaining book, "Free Love and Heavenly Sinners," by Robert Shaplen, recalls the key facts.

The story opens on a sultry summer night in 1870.

Theodore Tilton was alone at his elegant home on Brooklyn Heights. His pious, little wife,

The most celebrated preacher in the land at the centre of a 'morals' trial. It happened in the 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' family

By Robert Pitman

Elizabeth was away, confiding in the country. Suddenly there were foot-steps in the dark outside. It was Elizabeth. On a sudden impulse she had returned to tell Theodore the facts about their friend Henry Beecher, to tell him—with "great modesty and delicacy," said Theodore later—that for a period of 18 months she had once been Beecher's mistress.

Her confession caused no instant scandal. Theodore Tilton, tall, with rufous curls, brushed back to his collar, was a man of eccentricity. On some nights his wife would have to trek with him from bedroom to bedroom until he found the best which suited him for softness. Now his reaction was eccentric too.

THE WIFE —still loyal

DELIGHTED at his own nobility of mind he resolved to forget and forgive.

The resolve lasted two weeks. Before the year was out he had managed to hint the interesting details of Beecher's lapse to a succession of Brooklyn households.

Beecher, too, behaved oddly. Sometimes he penned solemn letters of guilt and penitence. Sometimes he acted as if he were the injured party himself. But in one thing he was consistent: he went on preaching to his huge congregation and drawing his huge salary.

As for Elizabeth, she kept matters quietly boiling by alternately retreating and repenting her confession.

Soon other actors joined the scene.

There was Beecher's own grim-faced wife, whom people nick-named "the Grif-fins." She stuck by Beecher, but her face alone helped the whisperers to explain why he

into a safe, marked "Proof against Prey and Clergymen."

To defend himself Beecher promptly arranged for Tilton to be expelled from his church as a scandal-monger. Tilton replied by taking him to law. Almost five years after the original confession the great Beecher trial began.

Tickets for the courthouse were black-marketed at \$9 apiece. Opera glasses were sold in court. The pious defendant sat amidst a mass of flowers sent to him in court by admirers. Occasionally he took up a bunch of violets and sniffed them daily. The trial rolled on for six months.

The case against Beecher was incredibly strong. Yet his saintly reputation was even stronger. After 52 ballots the jurors still disagreed. The trial ended without result.

## THEIR FATE —to die alone

WHAT happened to the "Tilttons"? Their marriage was ruined. Elizabeth became a recluse. Theodore died alone in Paris, Victoria Woodhull, having switched to a campaign for monogamy and against divorce, married an English banker. As an old woman in the 1920's she snickered her chauffeurs if they failed to drive fast enough down the English lanes.

Beecher? He had died years earlier, full of honours. His funeral was magnificent. And mothers held up their babies as he lay in state so that they too might have one glimpse of a great and worthy man.

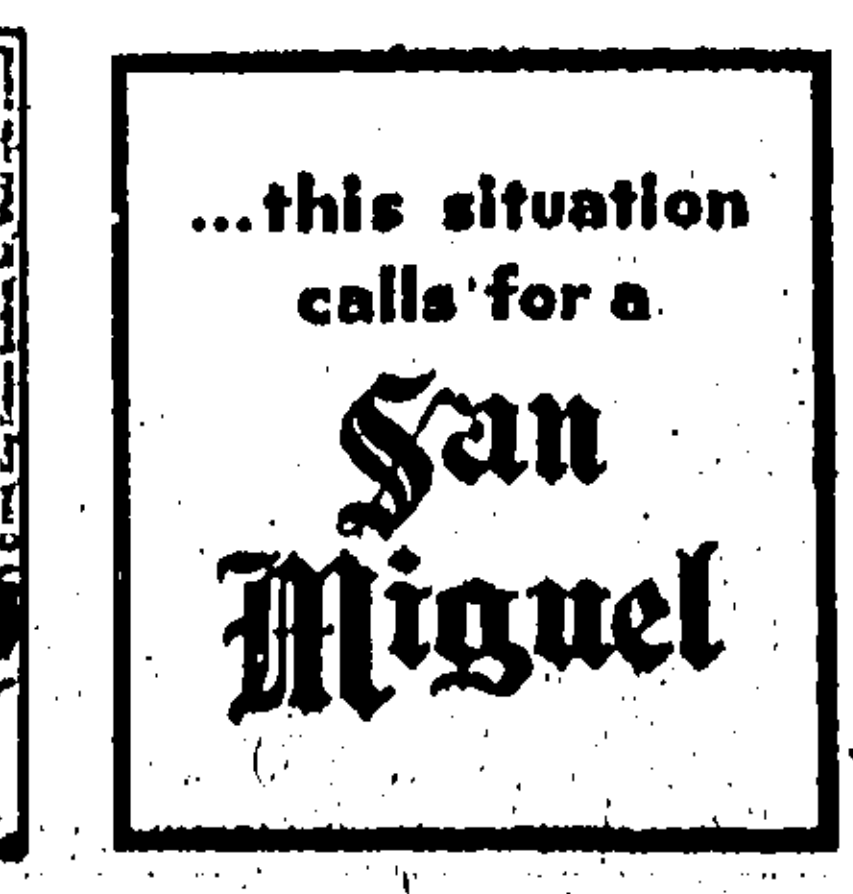
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## FIVE YEARS —then the trial

THE stir was enormous. The queues at Beecher's church each Sunday grew still more swollen. And new facts about his private life came trickling into the Press.

As a pastor in Indiana he had apparently been more than a friend to a teenager named Betty Bates; a Brooklyn publisher released the story of his own wife's relations with the minister. It was even said that a few chosen ladies had private keys to his vestry. And a Press cartoon showed a stern husband shutting his wife

## JOHNNY HAZARD



...this situation calls for a San Miguel

By Frank Robbins



# WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

GET THAT SPRING FEELING... WITHOUT BUSTING THE BANK

## Let's Go Nap On Gimmicks

By Anne Scott-James

EXCEPT for the occasional gala party, I hate wearing fancy dress. Which is why I've bought very few clothes this season. When fashion becomes "costume," you can count me out.

I just feel in my English bones that the catkin, the obi, and the cancan were not designed for me. And I am giving the French Empire line a miss.

Of course, I must confess that in 1819, even Madame Tenebris looked good in the then-famous gown.

Besides, I find that the most wearable clothes this spring are such watered-down versions of the Empire style—modestly fitted tube dresses with some sort of a seam under the bust—that the romance of history is gone without any contemporary chic to take its place.

In other words, I like my old clothes better.

### ROMANTIC, UP IN THE CLOUDS

But as it's spring, and as I'm human, I long for something new. I don't want whole new outfits, because I don't like the new, distorting line.

But I do think it's a season to go bust on gimmicks.

Fabrics and accessories have never been prettier, the fabrics flimsy as candy floss, the accessories romantic and up-in-the-clouds.

Here are some ideas for getting the feeling of spring fashion without distorting your shape.

**LIFT** your sash and belts a few inches above the waist for evening. A swathed sash or a velvet ribbon. By day, one of the new, longer belts.

**WEAR** a flimsy blouse instead of a tailored shirt, the sort of blouse they wore in a punt on the river in 1810, feminine in white, chiffon or lawn, or organdy with a floppy collar.

**BUNCH** yourself with fake flowers. Big roses, carnations, lilies of the valley are in fashion for the first spring for years.

Fake roses clamber over hats, sprout out of evening necklines, are bunched on a lapel.

**SUCCEED** in the big-hatted look, but modify it if you're scared. (Don't blame you) by the beehive, the mobcap, and the workbasket. Just get a deep-rooted, floppy-brimmed beach hat and accentuate the crown with a polka-dot scarf.

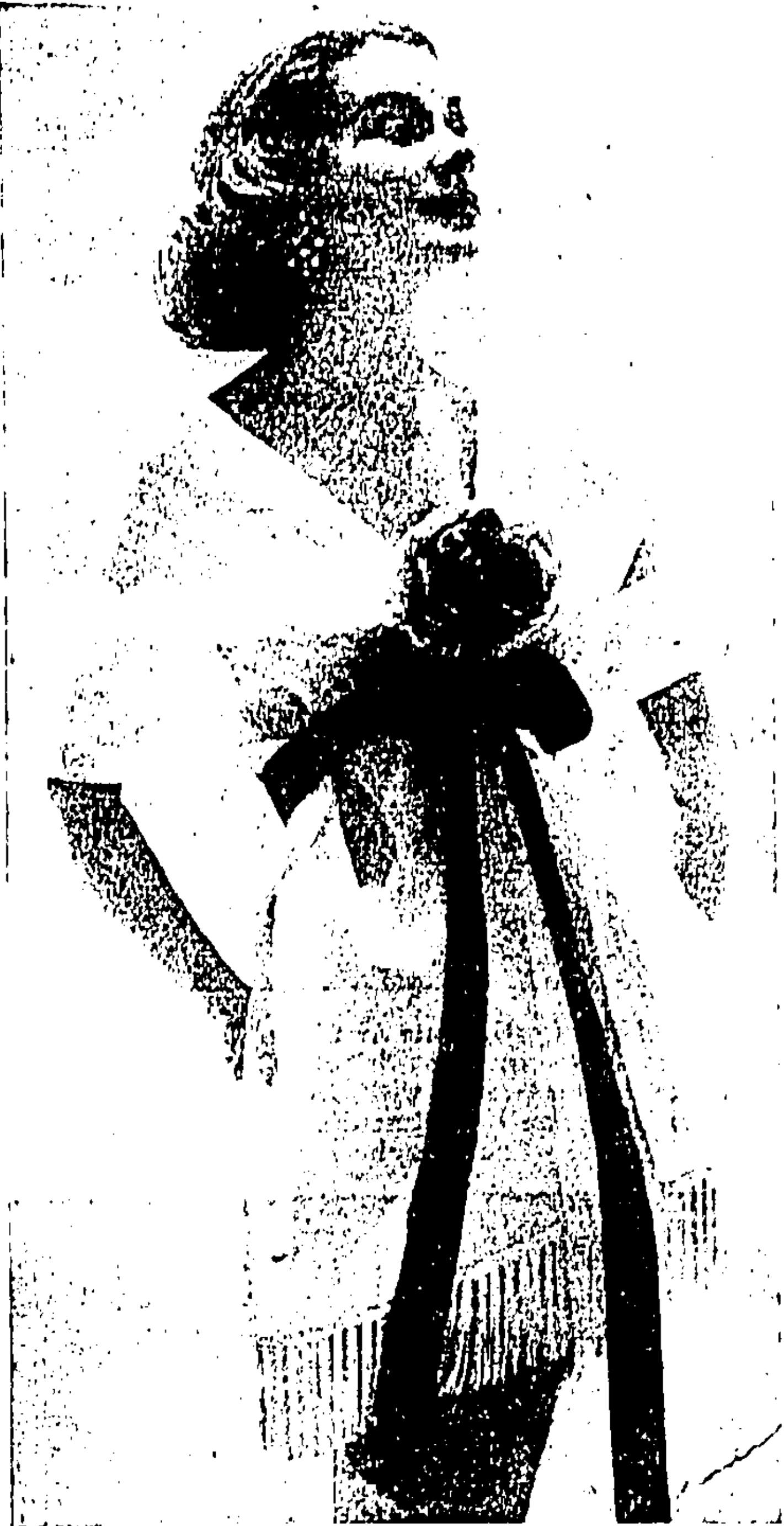
**CHOOSE** softer fabrics than your wear last summer. Lawn, chiffon, muslin are the key. A softer blouse, a softer sweater round your hat, a softer scarf, a softer stole. And if you have a new summer dance dress, choose the softest of all materials, chiffon.

**PLACE** your jewellery differently. A clip or brooch will look newer on your cuff, at your waist, on your hip, than at your neckline or lapel.

**WEAR** pretty-pretty shoes. Pastel shoes, printed silk shoes, fabulous heels, jewels are worn on the best-dressed feet.



A GIMMICK FOR DAY: Get the big-hatted look with a straw beach hat swathed with a polka-dot scarf.



PICTURES BY DAVID OLINS.

A GIMMICK FOR EVENING: Lift your waistline with a fringed organdie sash tucked under the bust with velvet ribbon and pinned with a rose.

## HATS ARE MORE NONSENSICAL THAN EVER

HATS for the summer are either very large, very important or very small.

There is no such thing as an insignificant hat. For hats today must balance the stem-like silhouette of the season's styling.

So pillboxes are full, with crowns high and square and often swathed with yards of tulle or organdy. Brims are sloping and usually heavily trimmed with feathers, fruit or large flat boxes fixed horizontally like a helmet, or properly.

### NEW CAPELINES

Fast increasing in popularity, too, are the largest cartwheel hats ever worn—at any rate by the post-war generation. But in acquiring greater size, they have also acquired a new name, capeline—inspired from France's one of London's top milliners, Madame Simone Mirman.

Some are cut away at the back and pared somewhat in front to give an oval effect. Some are equally wide all round. On some, the brim slopes downward covering a large part of the face. A few are gently upturned in reversed mushroom effect.

All are shallow. A low crown merges almost imperceptibly into the brim—or frankly rises from the edge to a point in the centre without any clear definition. Many have to resort to claws to clamp them, still somewhat precariously, to the head.

Large as they are, they are always light, whether made of tulle, organdy or in one of the new feather-weight plain or fancy straws.

### HIDES THE FACE

An outstanding example by Madame Simone Mirman, who makes many hats for Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Kent and other members of the Royal family, is in rich pink organdy with a pink ribbon bow on either side. Another has layers of water thin white straw with green bows underneath.

Reminiscent of the drawing room lampshade are some models by one of London's younger milliners, Edward Harvane.

Mr Harvane uses rich velvet shading from pale to midnight blue, or in tones of mauve for a face-hiding model which rises from brim to centre point in a straight line. In contrast to the triangular effect is a large "plate" in black crocheted straw trimmed with black velvet.

A fabric which looks like tweed is used by Renee de Pavy for an enormous yellow hat with cut-away back, flat crown and brim covered with large looping

roses and other flowers. In the same collection, a large flat white straw with down-curling tulle, is swathed in a tulle of yellow and grey tulle.

Perhaps in anticipation of a very warm summer, matching the unusually cold winter, many hats, large and small, have open crowns this season. Madame Mirman makes one toge of grey tulle cascading out of an open circle on the crown.

Fruit, flowers, ribbons, tulle, organdy and jewels are all seen in profusion in its trimming.

Madame Mirman hangs bunches of red currants or a small shining black straw, while black currants are strewn over a large white organdy capeline with open crown to give a ring effect.

A cloche is made entirely of tulle and one evening hat is entirely made up of violets and tiny green bows. Posing rings of red and white jasmine trim another, on a third, a small sat in little pose on a toge made of green leaves.

### BEEFEATERS' CAPS

Victorian wallpaper-patterned ribbon is stitched on organdy to form a capeline hat finished with a narrow black velvet ribbon round the crown.

Madame Mirman goes back to Medieval and Renaissance England for inspiration for her "charlottes"—a 20th century version of the mob cap. One at- tective little charlotte in white organdy is delicately embroidered with small flowers in two shades of red. Another, embroidered and trimmed with a fringe, is reminiscent of the Tudor caps of the "Beebeaters", so well-known to all visitors to the Tower of London.

Helmet, too, appear on the heads of pretty model girls with upswep hair. But feathers replace the steel of the medieval version.

Mr Harvane harks further back still, and produces a model in muted line and straw which has an unmistakable resemblance to the headdress worn by Queen Neferiti.

### ON THE FOREHEAD

The little bits of nonsense which all milliners love to offer for the cocktail and evening hours are more nonsensical than ever this season. Or perhaps it is that they appear so because they are worn not only on the front of the head but even descending below the hairline well on to the forehead.

Madame Mirman, for example, uses green velvet and tiny roses, worn on the forehead. Mr Harvane combines a flat green velvet rose worn far forward with a large horizontal bow in organdy—China Mail Special.

## Short Evening Dresses Can Be Just As Grand...

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

THIS is the time of year when everyone seems to be planning holidays. Overseas visitors are already arriving in town for the spring and summer and Londoners themselves are on the move.

What kind of clothes do designers suggest for travel and for off-duty wear this year?

For travel clothes they offer two extremes, the formal and the informal. Favourite amongst the formal styles is the dress and coat outfit, which has been rejuvenated this season and is now no longer the preserve of dowager duchesses and the like. The dress is either a slim sheath or a feminine princess style, in a printed cotton or silk, and the coat, which is lined to match the dress, is, in the print's main colour.

The informal style which came to us from Ireland is one that is catching on, particularly with air travellers since it provides warmth for the journey but will be cool on arrival in a hot climate. This is a three-piece outfit consisting of cream tweed skirt, pale silk shirt, and thick-knit woollen jacket, in an unusual Irish peasant pattern.

When it comes to evening clothes, designers favour the trend towards the informal and here again the dress and coat is popular. One designer who shows how the informal short dress can be just as grand as the full-length version is Victor Stiebel. He makes a short



Victor Stiebel's evening outfit is in slipper satin.

evening dress in opalescent slipper satin, embroidered the front of the skirt with pearls and rhinestones. For dramatic contrast, he tops the dress with a loose coat in peony slipper satin, effectively cut in black fox.

Other designers use white lace scattered with white satin bows or black lace leaves, printed cotton, and embroidered shantung.

In style most designers favour the long look of the princess or empress style. Dresses have full skirts, and one unusual princess dress had enormous patch pockets at hip-level. Other styles have the fullness distributed in a different way, with a flat panel at the front, and the skirt billowing out at the back.

The empress style is marked by a narrow band of silk each placed high above the waistline. Next year, when the style may be out of fashion, all you do is lower the sash to the normal waistline or remove it altogether.

## Woman Photographer Finds Gallant Gentlemen Galore

New York **M**EN, even those who have reputations for being irascible, are likely to be gallant to a photographer if the photographer is a woman.

That, at any rate, has been the experience of Katherine Young to whom a camera has been what engraved invitations are to social-climbers and magic carpets to would-be travellers.

Miss Young has met hundreds of very prominent people—mostly men—over a lens, and travelled a good part of the world to do it.

"Being a woman is more of a help than a hindrance in this business because most men in the public eye are gentlemen," she said.

As sitters she described fiery labour leader John L. Lewis as "most co-operative," and Russia's Andrei Vishinski as a "lamb."

### Celebrated sitters

Miss Young, who used to be an artist and a landscape architect, deserted her brushes and drafting board 15 years ago to become a portrait photographer. Now it is her ambition to photograph all current prominent people who are making history. She has made a mighty good start in the past 15 years.

Her studies have been on exhibition all over the country, as well as on book jackets and magazine covers and on the pages of many magazines and newspapers. Her sitters have included such well-known personalities as former President Harry Truman, a former secretary of state, Dean Acheson; India's Madame Pandit, France's Vincent Auriol, the United Nations' Ralph Bunche, sculptor Jo Davidson, and stage and screen star Vivien Leigh.

### Individual technique

Miss Young is most sorry never to have photographed Britain's late Queen Mary, and India's Ghandi. Now she would like to photograph President Eisenhower and Mrs Eleanor Roosevelt.

Working conditions aren't always ideal for the photographer of the famous. Time and posing habits are hazards of the business.

Miss Young said she had just eight minutes in which to take a picture of the late Sen. Robert Taft. That photograph now is considered by many of his friends as the best ever taken of him. Famous people also are accustomed to falling into stock poses before a camera, and Miss Young said she once had to move Mr Truman from behind his desk to a chair in the centre of the room to get a relaxed study of him.

Most of her portraits bear the mark of her individual technique, a deep contrast of light and shadow.

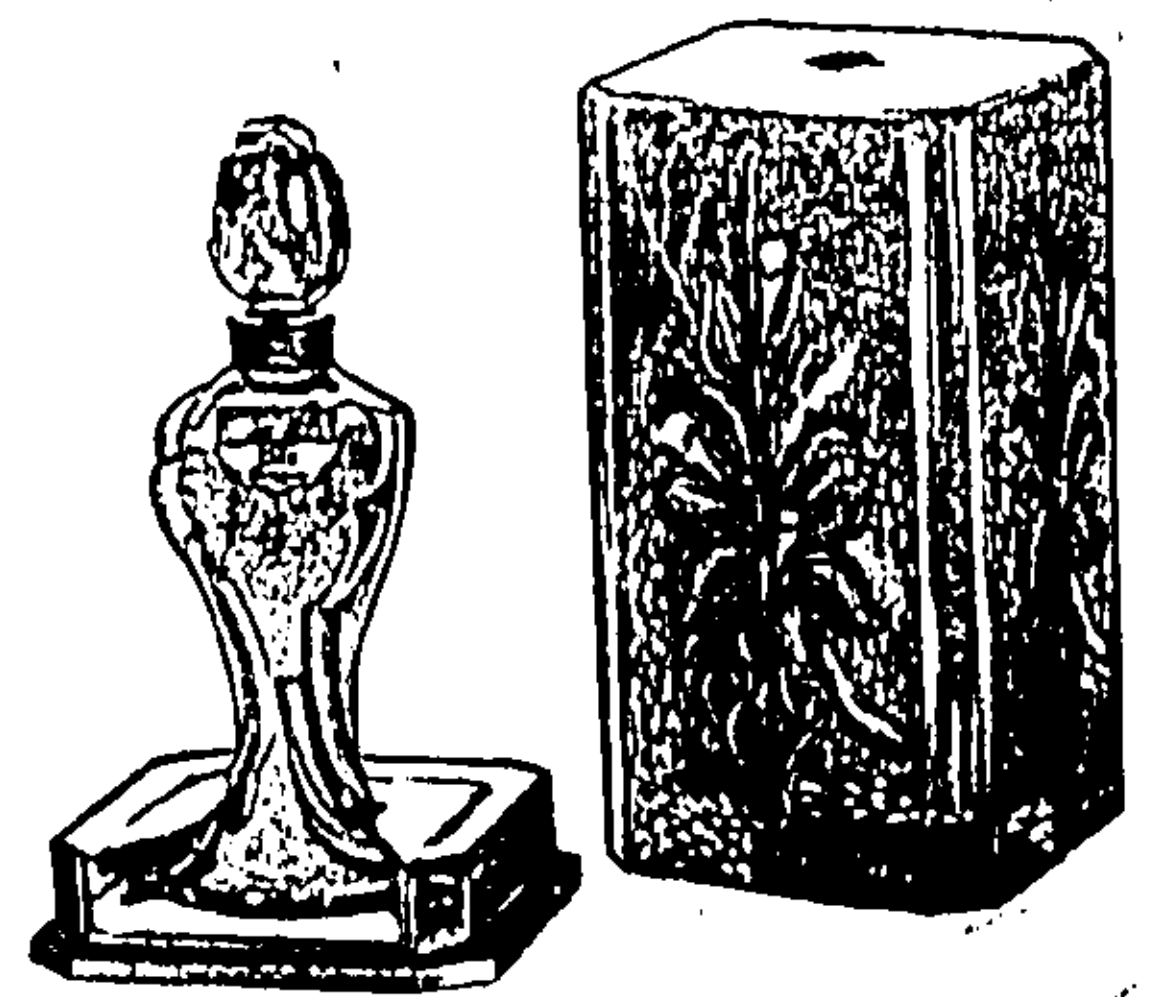
She said she learns a lot about her subjects before she meets them, then uses the friendly rather than the awe approach. She said she often disarms them with a conversational gambit they don't expect, sometimes even on a controversial subject.

### No flattery please

Miss Young said her experience in photographing personalities has taught her that they are so used to being flattered that they're bored with it.

"Bored people make dull camera subjects, even if they are famous," she concluded.—United Press.

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THE amphibious jeep, "Half Safe," which arrived in Hongkong last Sunday on its way around the world. Mr Ben Carlin (right), who left Montreal and crossed the Atlantic in it in 1950, intends to take it to America via Formosa, Japan and Alaska. An Australian, he is accompanied by a fellow countryman, Barry Hanley. (Staff Photographer)



THE Malayan Association this week entertained the Chief Justice, Mr Justice M. J. Hogan, at a cocktail party. He was formerly Attorney-General in Malaya, and has had a lot to do with Malayan constitutional reform. From left: Mrs A. V. Whitehead, Mr Booy Kok-keng, President of the Association, Mr A. V. Whitehead and Mr Justice Hogan. (Staff Photographer)



MR Michael Griffith (left), some of whose pictures and wood carvings were shown at the British Council this week, discussing one of his works with Mr H. Holtmeyer, Mr Griffith is the Education Department's Art Inspector. (Staff Photographer)



WEDDING of Mr Anthony Ingles and Miss Choung Shiu-yu at St Andrew's Church.

RIGHT: Christening at the Union Church last Sunday of Linda, daughter of Mr and Mrs William McColl. (Ming Yuen)



MR William Sprague (left), Assistant Director of Marine who left Hongkong on retirement last week, seen off by Mr W. R. K. Collings and Mr C. Cairns on board the Corfu. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Christening at St Andrew's Church of Terry John, son of Mr and Mrs W. Burgess. (Mainland)

THE three members of the RAF Island table tennis team who beat RAF Mainland to win the European League Table Tennis Championship at the Ladies Recreation Club. (Staff Photographer)



AT the farewell party given at the Ying King Restaurant by "B" Coy, Hongkong Regiment, to their departing OC, Major J. P. O'Driscoll, who is leaving for the U.S. shortly. Major O'Driscoll (in dark suit) being given a big hand on rising to speak. (Staff Photographer)

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AT the Portuguese Fair, held at the Club de Recreio last Sunday in aid of the Portuguese Community School (Escola Camoes). On right: the Misses Olivia Axedo, Marie Ribeiro and Marilyn Brown were some of the helpers at the Fair. (Staff Photographer)

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EASTER Day for the Russian community was last Sunday. A religious service at mid-night ushered in the feast. Picture shows the procession at St Andrew's Church. (Mainland)



TWO Cubs in a book-balancing race at the annual Scouts open night at Christ Church, Kowloon Tong. Many parents attended. (Staff Photographer)



MR J.P. Potter, President of the Hongkong Art Club, Mrs T. Heilmeyer and Mr Luis Chan at the opening of the Club's new premises in Queen's Road Central. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Mrs R. Y. Frost opening the new building of the Hongkong Sea School at Stanley on Thursday. In centre is Mr Brook A. Barnacchi. (Staff Photographer)



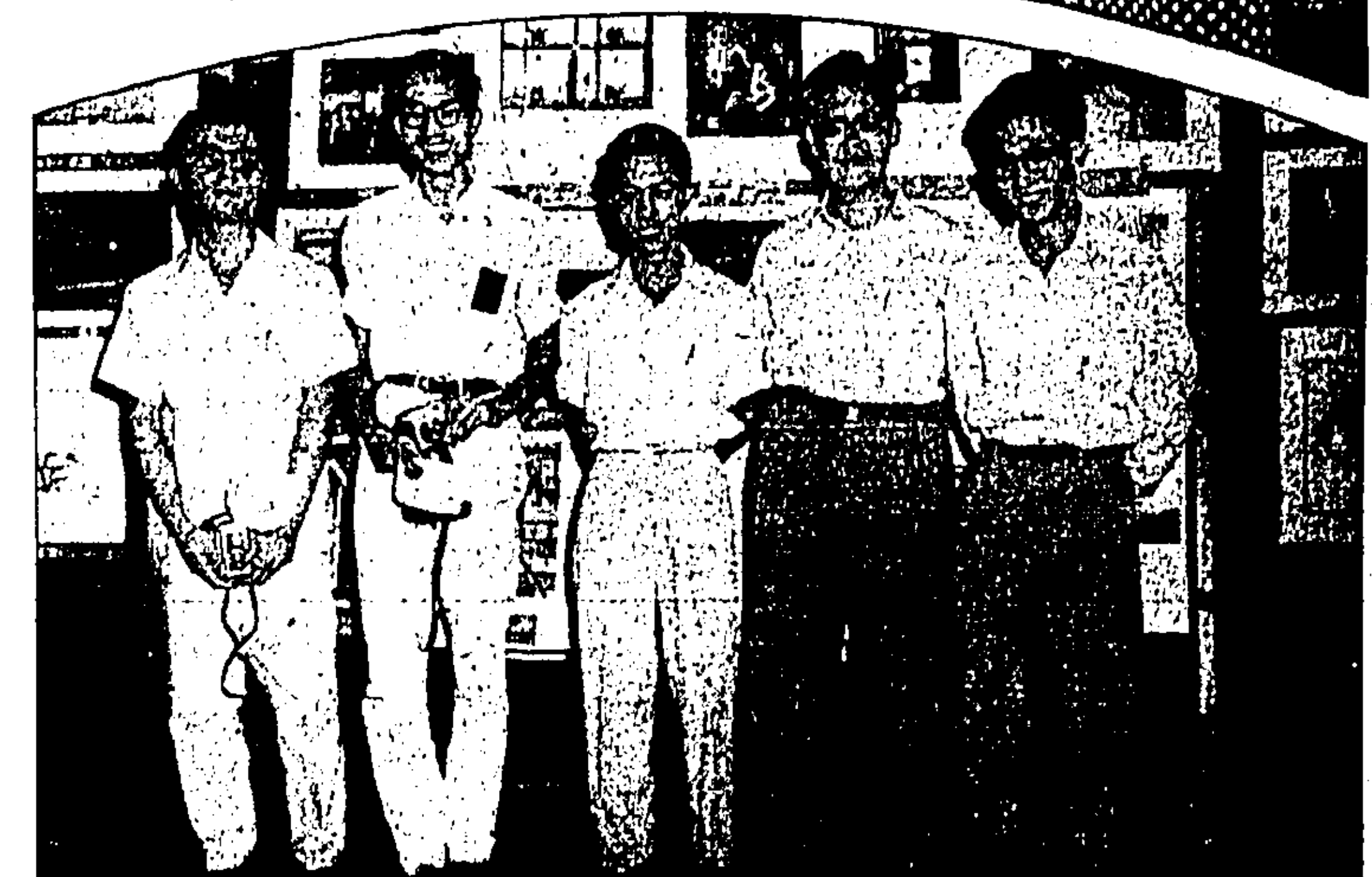
PROFESSOR Charles Wells, Professor of Surgery in the University of Liverpool (left) and Mrs Wells met at Kai Tak on their arrival by Professor F. E. Stock, of Hongkong University. Prof. Wells has been appointed External Examiner in Surgery by the Hongkong University. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: At the supper dance held at the American Club last Saturday to mark the close of the ballroom dancing class for teenagers conducted by Mrs Eric Lindahl.



RIGHT: Winners in Sections A and B in the Hongkong University Photographic Society's exhibition open to university and school students. From left: Ng Shiu-kean, K.H. Chan, Chan Kai-yuen, Chao Tze-cheng and Wong Siow-choeng. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: The friends of Carlos Neronha who attended the party given on his nineteenth birthday and helped him to celebrate. Carlos is fifth from left in middle row. (Mayfair)

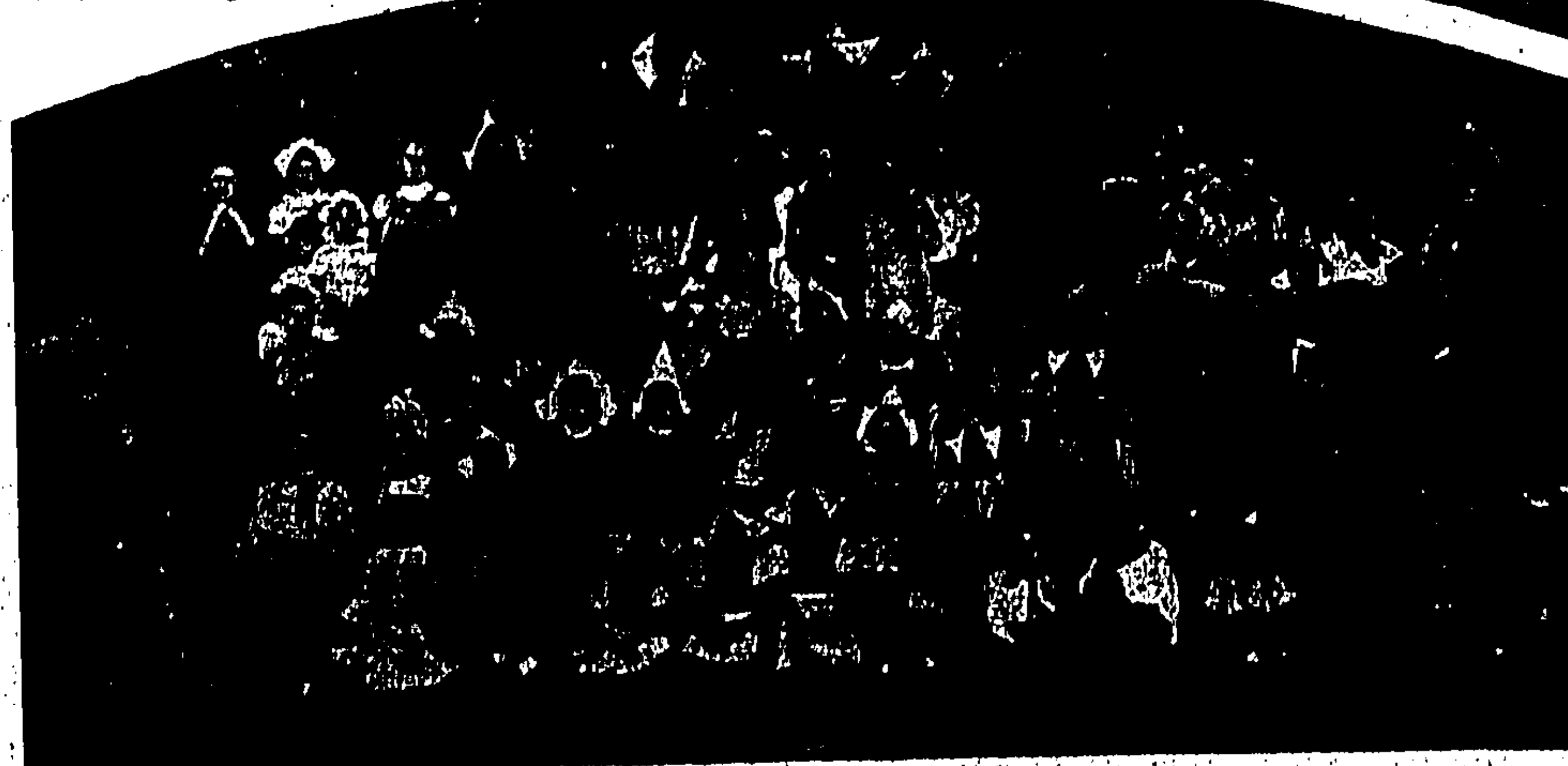


BELOW: Tiffin meeting of the Rotary Club of Hongkong Island East, when Mr O.F. Hamilton, Kai Tak Airport Manager, gave a talk on aviation. From left: Mr Hamilton, Mr Bill Nichol, Mr R.A. Hanley and Mr G.L. Brock. (Staff Photographer)



DINNER given in an Aberdeen floating restaurant by Mr Maurice Fokmanthim for friends who arrived in the mv Laos. From left: Mr Thomas Li, Mr Louis Ramband, Miss R. Kinola, Mr Caron Aimo, Miss M. Buissan, Mr F. Gabella, Miss I. Danior, Mr Fokmanthim and Mr Blanguard.

BELOW: Dutch youngsters who attended a children's party given at the Helena May Institute to celebrate the birthday of Queen Juliana. (Ming Yuen)



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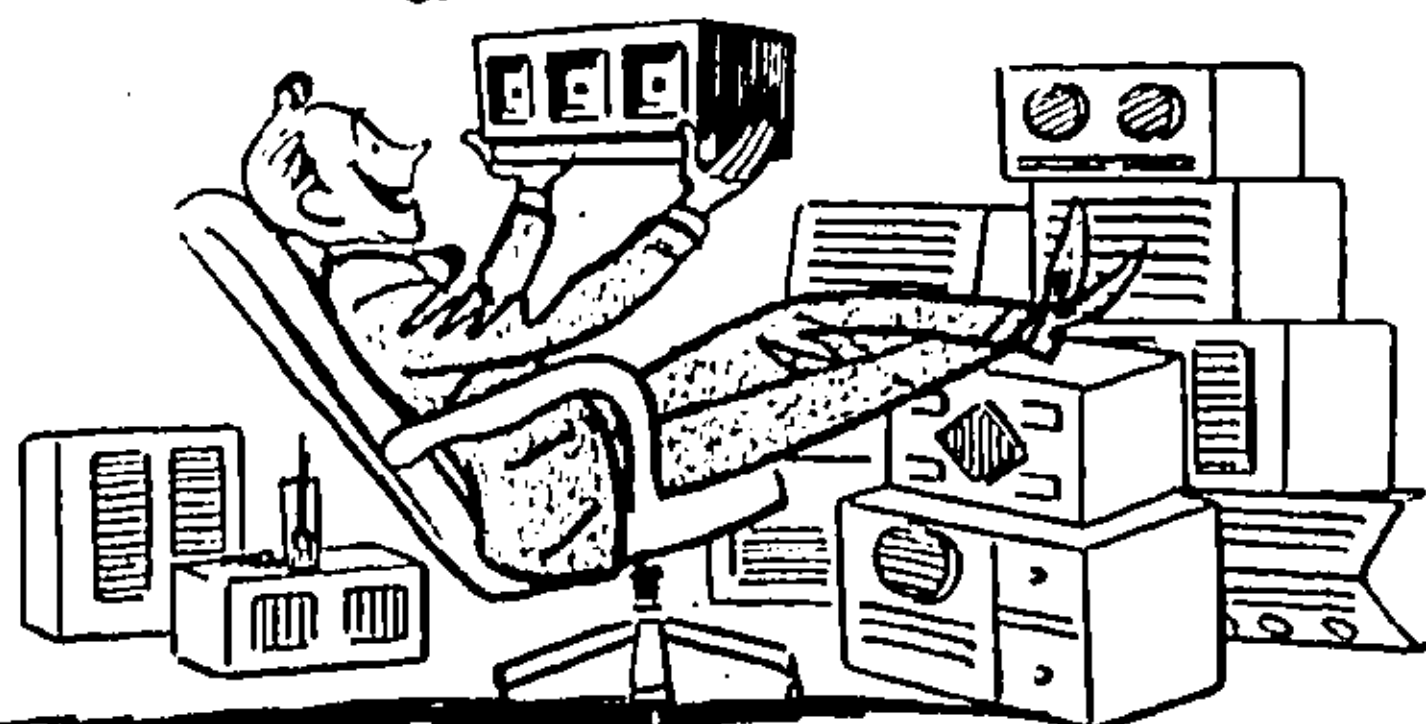


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## TO HANG OR NOT TO HANG?

## THE ABOLITIONISTS ARE OUT IN FRONT

EVERY morning of the week except Sunday, a Member of Parliament is certain to receive letters from his constituents. When the weather is fine, the letters are few in number but when the weather is bad the ink flows more freely. In fact writing to your MP is a long established British custom.

Just now the post is ominously heavy, as indeed it is for the other Tory MP's who voted recently for the abolition of the death penalty.

Undoubtedly the majority of my constituents are in favour of retaining the death penalty. The unfortunate aspect of the whole affair is that for the second time in this issue I have come in direct conflict with my supporters.

The first time was in 1948 when MP's sat in the House of Lords because our own chamber had been destroyed by bombing. The Socialists were in power and their Back Benchers had forced a debate on capital punishment. Wisely and courageously Mr. Attlee's government decided that there would be a free vote and that the House would not divide on party lines.

## The Verdict

AS it happened I was the last private MP to be called to speak in the debate, and I urged abolition with complete sincerity and with such eloquence as was within my grasp.

When the vote was taken the abolitionists had won the day, and there were tremendous scenes as the decision was announced. Prime Minister Attlee at once announced that he would accept the verdict of the House, and that the death penalty would be suspended at once.

Two days later a cruel-blooded young murderer came up for trial. He had most foully murdered PC Edgar, an unarmed policeman and his defence counsel made no pretence of a defence. The thug was sentenced to death, but automatically the sentence was reduced to life imprisonment.

The unhappy coincidence was that the murder had occurred in my constituency where PC Edgar was a most popular officer. In fact my constituents had taken up

By Sir Beverley Baxter, M.P.

It is hard for his widow to understand there was no mercy in the decision. I am sure she would have been a very large number of supporters. However, after a comparatively short period, during which there was no more use in the number of murders, the House of Lords debated the issue and voted for the retention of the gallows. A legislation has to be approved by both Houses, this decision by their Lordships restored the gallows, and the controversy was put into cold storage.

## Private Bill

BUT the pro-hangers had led to reach the tenacity of a Socialist MP named Sidney Silverman. On top of Silverman might just reach his feet in height. He is grey-haired and sports a light grey beard, which makes him look exactly like one of Snow White's dwarfs. In private life Silverman is a solicitor, but his attendance at Parliament is so constant that his legal activities must be a very minor activity.

Four months ago he prepared a Private Member's Bill to abolish the death penalty. It was duly printed, and when he rose to ask the government if it would give time for a debate on the bill he read out the names of the MP's who were the official backers of the bill. There were ten in number—eight Socialists and two Tories. The two Tory MP's were Montgomery Hyde from Ulster and myself.

With generosity and fairness Prime Minister Attlee promised that time would be found for an early debate, and eventually the date was arranged.

## Unknown Factor

AS the day came near we all realised that the unknown factor would be the new Tory members who were returned in the General Election of last June. It was accepted that the Socialists would vote almost solidly for abolition but it could only be carried if enough Tories went in to the lobby with them. The government, however, decided that instead of debating Silverman's private bill there would be a motion introduced by Home Secretary Clegg, Lloyd George. In those terms: "I beg to move that this House is of opinion that, while the

death penalty should be retained, it is a matter for the House to decide whether it should be amended."

Next morning the press opened fire. The death penalty has many supporters in Fleet Street. And then three days after there came a horrible and tragic incident.

A young man who was a laboratory assistant went into a shop and most brutally murdered the old woman in charge.

The wrath of public opinion burst on the abolitionists like a thunder cloud. As an arrest took place next day the newspapers could not comment but public opinion made itself heard in many directions. The feeling of the extremists was that the abolitionists should be faced in the dock with the murderer.

## Shouted Down

TEN days passed by. Then Sir Anthony Eden rose in his place and announced that Mr Silverman's Private Bill, backed as you know by eight Socialists and two Tories, would be debated in the near future. Until then there would be no alteration in the law but the vote which had been taken in the House would be taken into account.

Once more we carried the day. I was given the unenviable task of making the winding up speech and found myself being shouted down by some of my fellow Tories and cheered by the Socialists. But again we won in the voting lobbies.

Now we are waiting to see what the Upper House will do. If they throw it out as they did in 1948 then there will come the inevitable clash of the Commons vs. the Lords. Who are the rulers of the country—the elected representatives, or the Lords who become legislators by the mere accident of birth and have no mandate from the people whatsoever?

There is not space here to discuss the issue of hanging as a normal question. My purpose is to give you the background to the controversy which has raged so furiously that thousands of constituents are telling the abolitionist MP's that they have no right to continue to sit in Parliament.

## Wave Upon Wave

THEREFORE, I shall conclude with a philosophical comment. Anyone who watches from the seashore as the tide is coming in will notice a strange phenomenon. A wave comes so far and then recedes in a retreat of foam. The next wave, and the wave after that will come no further. And then for some reason there is a wave super-charged with some secret power that swirls onward by ten or twelve feet. And so it goes on until the sands are covered by the ocean at full tide and the triumph of the sea is complete. We may not see the end of hanging in Britain just yet. But it will come as surely as the tides.

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## China's Women In Red Bondage

## Bound Feet To Bound Hands

By MAURICE MANNING

THE Communists claim that they have done wonderful things for women—that they alone have really emancipated them and given them social equality. But what, in practice, does this "emancipation" amount to? Of all the millions of women living under Communism, none perhaps have had their way of life more radically changed by it than the Chinese. But the boast that Communism has delivered the women of China from "perpetual bondage," as stated by an article in People's China on January 1, 1956, is hardly borne out by descriptions of their life today.

Not only do they have to toil long hours at their work, but such leisure as they have is claimed by the Party. Young women under the age of 25 are enrolled in the New Democratic Youth League—the equivalent of the Soviet Komsomol organisation—and those over 25 in the All-China Democratic Women's Federation.

Although they are urged to have large families (the eighth child brings with it the title "Glorious Mother"), they are allowed little time at home to look after their children.

## Letters Complain

RECENTLY a number of letters appeared in the Peking press on the hard lot of the working mother. The first of these, published in the People's Daily on January 8, 1955, was from a New Democratic Youth League member, who complained that her local branch was "usually busy up to 10 and even well after 11 or 12 o'clock at night."

In addition, the members had to meet every Sunday, and if anyone complained about this they were branded as "reactionaries."

One girl who wanted to stay at home on a Sunday to make some clothes for her child was told that she was "not worthy to be a NDKL member" if she could not sacrifice her Sunday rest.

The letter-writer, who herself had three small children, said that she never got more than six hours' sleep a night, as she had to attend meetings every evening and for three hours on Sunday mornings. "I ought to have time for rest in the afternoon, on Sunday, because I have no time to take a shampoo, to bath the children... or even to do my washing on other days in the week, everything has to be done on Sunday."

## Broken Families

WHEN the Communist press publishes complaints from its readers, it is usually because the authors feel that popular resentment is reaching a boiling point and that a safety valve is needed. But the airing of a grievance does not imply an intention to remedy it. It seems particularly unlikely that anything will be done in the present case, since to "strange" children from their parents and to break up the family is one of the chief aims of Chinese social policy.

Probably nowhere else in the world was family solidarity as deeply rooted and as powerful as it was in pre-Communist China. From the very beginning, the Communists realised that only by shortening the influence of the family could they hope to consolidate their own regime.

Their first move, in 1950, was to pass a new Marriage Law. Obviously a liberal measure granting women equal rights with men in marriage and divorce, it was enforced in such a way that it became a weapon of unappealable tyranny. Pre-1950 marriages—whether or not the partners were happy—soon came to be classed as "counter-revolutionary" if husbands and wives were forced apart or coerced into denouncing one another, and a Cabinet Instruction in September 1951 decreed that "there must be huge mass trials" to expose

those who "had failed to live up to the standard of the new law."

Significantly enough, the same instruction reported that during the first year after the passing of the law, 10,000 women in four provinces alone either committed suicide or were murdered.

The "strangling" of children from their parents also dates back to the beginning of Communist rule. From babyhood onwards, the boys and girls of the Chinese People's Republic are encouraged to spy upon and denounce those who gave them birth.

## Distrust, Hatred

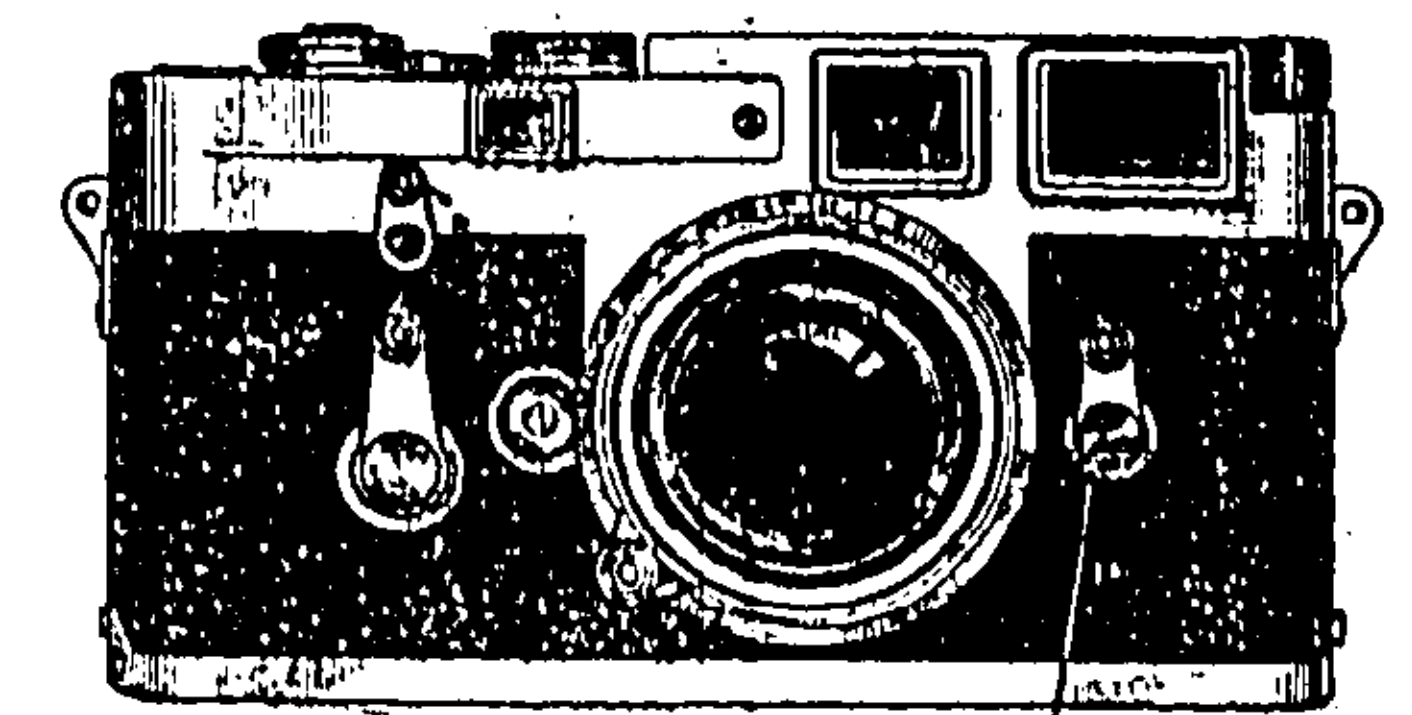
IN November 1955 the magazine China Youth published a long and horrifying article entitled "How to Treat your Counter-Revolutionary Father or Husband," which called upon all young people unhesitatingly to put the Party first and to stifle and betray their family affections. "Even if the counter-revolutionary is your father, you must denounce him."

In such an atmosphere of distrust and hatred there is clearly little room for women's natural talents. The Communists' determination to obliterate these talents emphasises their real view of the role of women merely as recruits for the labour force.

As recently as November 5, 1955, the People's Daily publicly reaffirmed this view. Quoting Engels' statement that "the first prerequisite for the emancipation of women is that all women participate in social labour," the paper commented: "This is precisely the case with our country too."

It was once generally considered in China that tiny feet were essential for beauty in a woman, and to stunt their growth girls' feet were tightly bound at a very early age. Under Communism, however, women may be seen with bound feet, but what of their hands? Can anyone really consider "emancipation" of this kind as anything but a new form of bondage?

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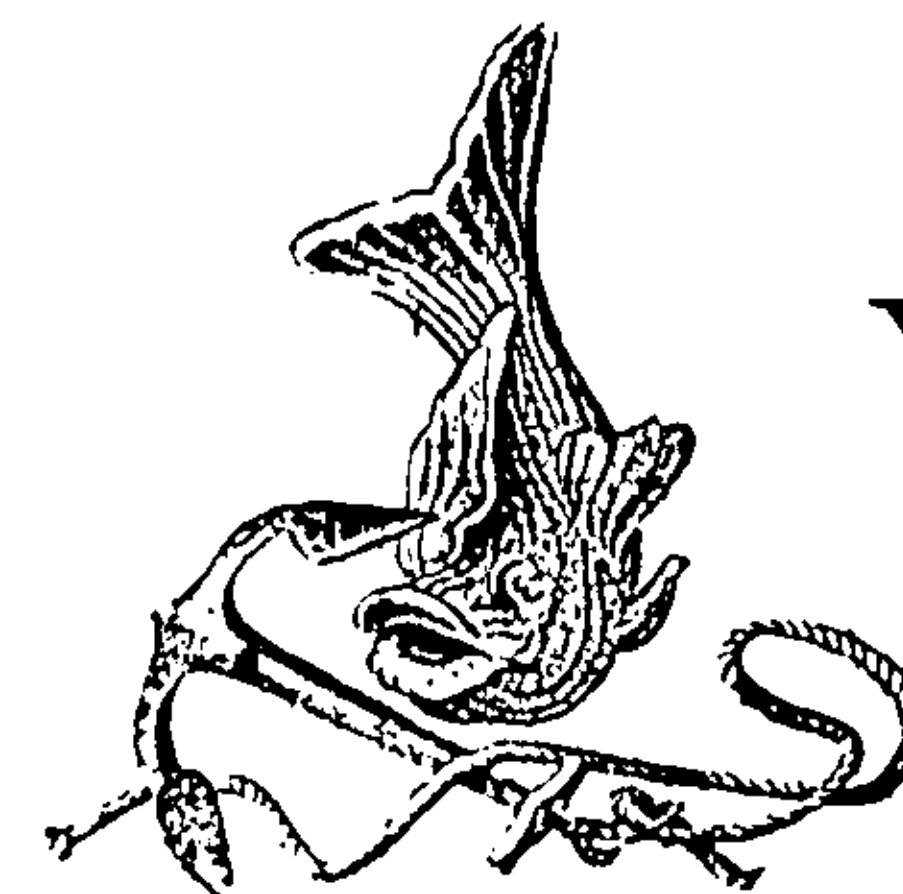
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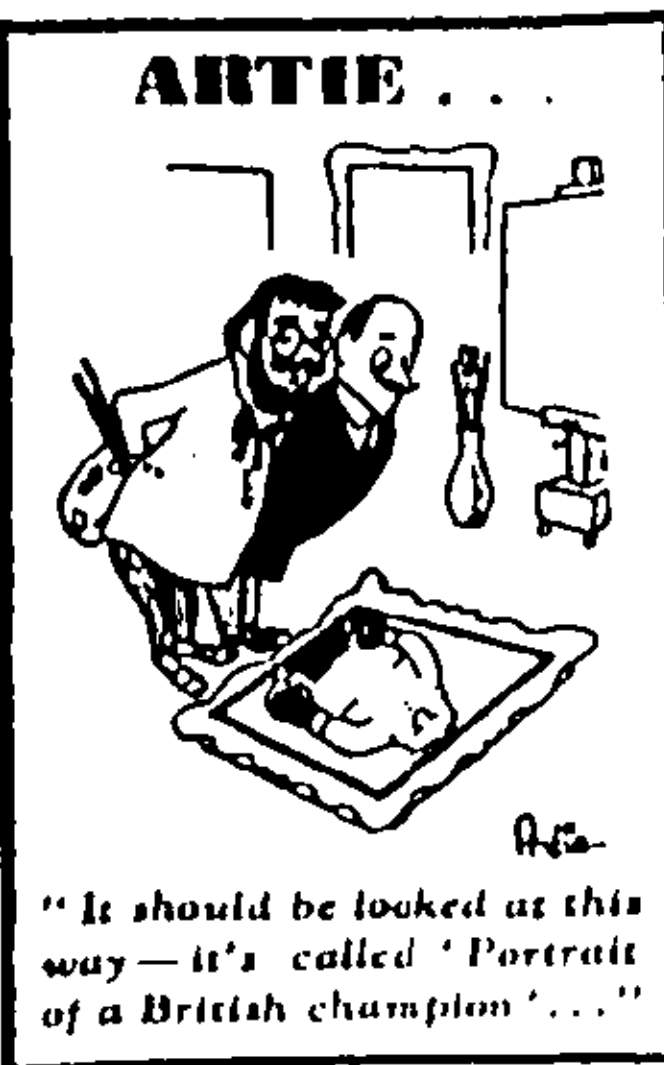
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"It should be looked at this way—it's called 'Portrait of a British champion'..."

## PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

**RUSSIAN** There must be a **PROGRESS** merry humorist in charge of Russia's aviation propaganda. A Billy Bunter, a lover of "spooks and japes," who has spent happy hours hoarding the West's aviation experts—and he has done it with materials supplied by the West.

The U.S. already seriously troubled by Russia's advances in jet aircraft and guided missiles, become more and more troubled a little while ago when photographs began to trickle from behind the Iron

Curtain of superbly designed jet fighters of hitherto unappealed types. They looked fast, tough, well armed. To Air Force worried until an aviation expert visiting a French factory was shown pictures of that company's latest fighter.

He thought he recognized the photo and took it back to the U.S. with him. There, he went through his files. And came up with the picture of one of the "Russian" planes. They were the same. The Russians had retouched it, taken a new tail and cockpit, put on Russian squadron markings, and sent it back to the West.

Other aircraft proved to be fakes and frauds, too. One of them even turned out to be America's own Super Sabre.

Evidently pleased with the success of their practical joke, the Russians have now gone one better. In a Czech magazine there appears the photograph of one of Russia's latest turbojet fighters. There is only one thing wrong with it. It is a picture of an American factory. Russian "atmosphere" has been given to the picture by retouching the workmen. Their faces have been removed and their shirts replaced by smocks.

**LIFE IN 2056** There will be no outcasts in a hundred years' time, and water mains may by then have fallen into disuse.

That is part of a picture of the future presented to the delegates at a Head in Congress in Hong Kong by Dr. Ronald Bradbury, City Architect and Housing Director of Liverpool.

New chemical methods of water disposal would render it safe for collection. Household water would be kept in tanks and used over and over

again after passing through a purifying process. The water wagon would deliver in bulk to top up storage tanks.

There would be no electric bulbs—collings would be incandescent. Rooms would be heated by wallpaper prepared on the principle of the electric blanket. Such wallpaper is, in fact, available today. Cooking would be done electronically with power from atomic energy. There would be more windows and no curtains, even in the bathroom, because glass would be of the one-way view type.

**HIS HOUSE FELL DOWN!** Mr. Sidney Powell, 30, a night worker of Small Heath, Birmingham, went to bed in his front bedroom and woke up a few hours later to find himself on view to the neighbours. Two walls, part of the roof and most of the floor had disappeared.

His bed, strewn with bricks and plaster, was only 18 inches from a sheer drop to the ground below.

Mr. Powell, who grabbed his trousers and managed to scramble to the ground, is an ex-Army vet and had another narrow escape in Italy when the house in which he was sheltering was destroyed by a shell. But that was in wartime, and on that occasion he did not end up as a show-piece for the neighbours.

**ABOUT Mrs. Daisy Stevens' new FACE** A formula, which she went out for a drive to test, was at the mining village of Rungwa, New Zealand. But she didn't have to turn around to get back home. The formula, which she had left in the car off the ground and it down facing in the opposite direction.

## How Often Should An Author Write 'The End'?

GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON EXAMINES THE SIX AGES OF AUTHORSHIP

**H**ERE is the story of the Author's Progress with illustrative examples.

● **FIRST BOOK:** The worst and, too often, the best. The worst to write: the hardest to "place" with a publisher; the best to read.

Some of the best reputations would be higher today if the author had written the magic words "The End" only once in his life.

A successful first novel is not one that makes money that would be a miracle, but one that makes the critic say, "Probably he will never write anything as good again."

★ **THE DAY THE CENTURY ENDED.** By Francis Irbly Gwaltney. Secker and Warburg. 15s.

A POWERFUL novel in which the grandsons of the men who led at Gettysburg fight in the jungles of the Philippines.

A Southern regiment of the National Guard (Territorial), where officer and men know one another as neighbours and respect one another as gentlemen, does well in battle and loses its colonel. When stupid

and brutal regular officers take over, it goes to pieces.

Its moral disintegration is symbolised by the military career of Sam Gifford, the colonel's son-in-law, sent to the penal company for striking a panicky officer who had stupidly killed some of his comrades.

For Sam Gifford, Southern gentleman and military misfit, the hell he lives in is made more lucidly dreadful by haunting, delightful memories of love and marriage.

For all its show of brightness and parade of literary language, "The Day the Century Ended" is a novel dripping with sentiment. You can make an omelette without breaking eggs. Many war novelists break the eggs and try to make the omelette with the shells. They pile on the horrors and leave out the people. Gwaltney throws in the eggs as well as the shells.

The result might be one of those miracles that make money. Probably Gwaltney will never write anything as good again.

### THE STIFFEST HURDLE

● **SECOND BOOK:** Stiffest hurdle on the course; most of the horses refuse.

The author is faced by the need to prove that his first book was not a flash in the pan. He knows likely, they suffer from anxiety neurosis and a compulsive urge to put pen to paper. The critics get ready to say (a) "tries to repeat a success," or (b) "shows the limitations of Miss K's talent."

The publisher shares the anxiety neurosis.

★ **THE FLIGHT FROM THE ENCHANTER.** By Iris Murdoch. Chatto and Windus. 15s.

IRIS Murdoch's second novel follows her success with "Under the Net," a wayward fantasy of life in Chelsea.

"The Flight from the Enchanter" opens with Annette Cockayne's flight from Miss Walpole's ladies' college, an expensive finishing school in

Kensington. Annette has decided that, when it comes to finishing, she can do the job as well as anybody.

She plunges into a maze of eccentric action and dotty characters: two wild Polish brothers, their English mistress (a serious-minded girl), her brother, who edits a bankrupt magazine, a historian, formerly engaged in deciphering an ancient script, and a broadly comic old zuffragette (liveliest person in the book).

There is also the Enchanter himself, a mysterious, famous individual who has one blue eye and one brown, and is called Ma cha Fox.

Faults of the novel: interest is dispersed; story fails to develop flying speed. The wild hilarious invention of "Under the Net" has been muted. As if Miss Murdoch were afraid somebody might say, "She tries to repeat her success." She doesn't.

What is left? An air of plainness, knockabout farce. Miss Murdoch's unique gift, one brilliantly funny scene, a teasing scene that a meaning is buried somewhere if only the author could remember where she put it.

There are plenty of reminders in this second novel that here is one of the most original talents in action today. Wait for Miss Murdoch's third.

### THE REAL TEST

● **THIRD BOOK:** The real test. If the author is going to stay on the library lists, there had better be signs of fresh invention, some new characters.

★ **FREIGHTER.** By Susan Yorko Macdonald. 12s. 6d.

SUSAN made a hit with "The Widow" six years ago. I called it "not so much a novel as a prolonged essay on love, written by someone who dislikes it." "The Widow" was the story of a middle-aged woman's diabolical destruction of the young man whom she had captivated. Freighter, her third novel, is the story of a ship. "The Widow" was unpleasant and un-

usual. Freighter is milder, and commonplace.

Passengers in a ship bound out of New York for Antwerp include a pianist who has suffered incurable damage to his hands. Somehow, helped by a fellow-passenger, a woman music critic, the pianist recovers his touch in life; if he cannot be a pianist, he will be a composer.

Somehow, I do not believe it.

### HIS WORRIES ARE OVER

● **FOURTH BOOK:** In the groove by this time. The author has proved his staying-power.

He begins to talk about "my puns." The public begins to take the author for granted. The publisher's worries are over for a while.

★ **DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER.** By Ian Fleming. Cape. 12s. 6d.

JAMES Bond of the Secret Service, the smooth-living quick-witted, licensed killer of M.I.6 takes his 25th birthday automobile with the skeleton grip on a non-political assignment.

Some bad men have been smuggling diamonds out of Africa into the United States. Bond is dedicated to the capture and destruction of bad men—and the rescue of bad women. He finds himself pitted against the Spangford Mob, a sinister American organisation with a cover business near Las Vegas and a shapely female coadjutor named Tiffany Case.

A painful experience at the age of sixteen has given Tiffany an antipathy to men which Bond chivalrously hopes to correct. As the novel comes gently to rest after a hectic run, the signs are that Bond who has neatly eliminated the Spangford Mob in a railroad accident has reached his second objective.

### SPREADING THE JAM

● **FIFTH BOOK:** The author will now begin to be more economical with his material.

The jam will be spread thinner. The more watchful critics will notice this.

★ **RETREAT TO INNOCENCE.** By Doris Lessing. Michael Joseph. 15s.

DORIS Lessing, South Africa's first woman novelist, is a born novelist. She has the broad humanity which can contain both humour and seriousness; the capacity to understand people; the power to invent lively, energetic dialogue. She has sentiment, and keeps it in its place.

Her fifth novel "Retreat to Innocence," relies on a slight enough theme: Julia Barr, an enchanting girl of 20, falls in love with a middle-aged Jewish refugee from Prague. The relation between Julia and the Czech, between Julia and the Czech's mistress, the gulf between two generations and two outlooks—all this is most delicately presented.

In the end, the Czech is tempted back to Prague and Julia falls into marriage with a reluctant young Englishman named Roger. I can believe in everything in this novel, except Roger.

Even the less watchful critics will find plenty of jam in this enjoyable novel.

### CHANGE THE NEEDLE

● **SIXTH BOOK:** Usually it is time for the author to change the needle before the public changes the record.

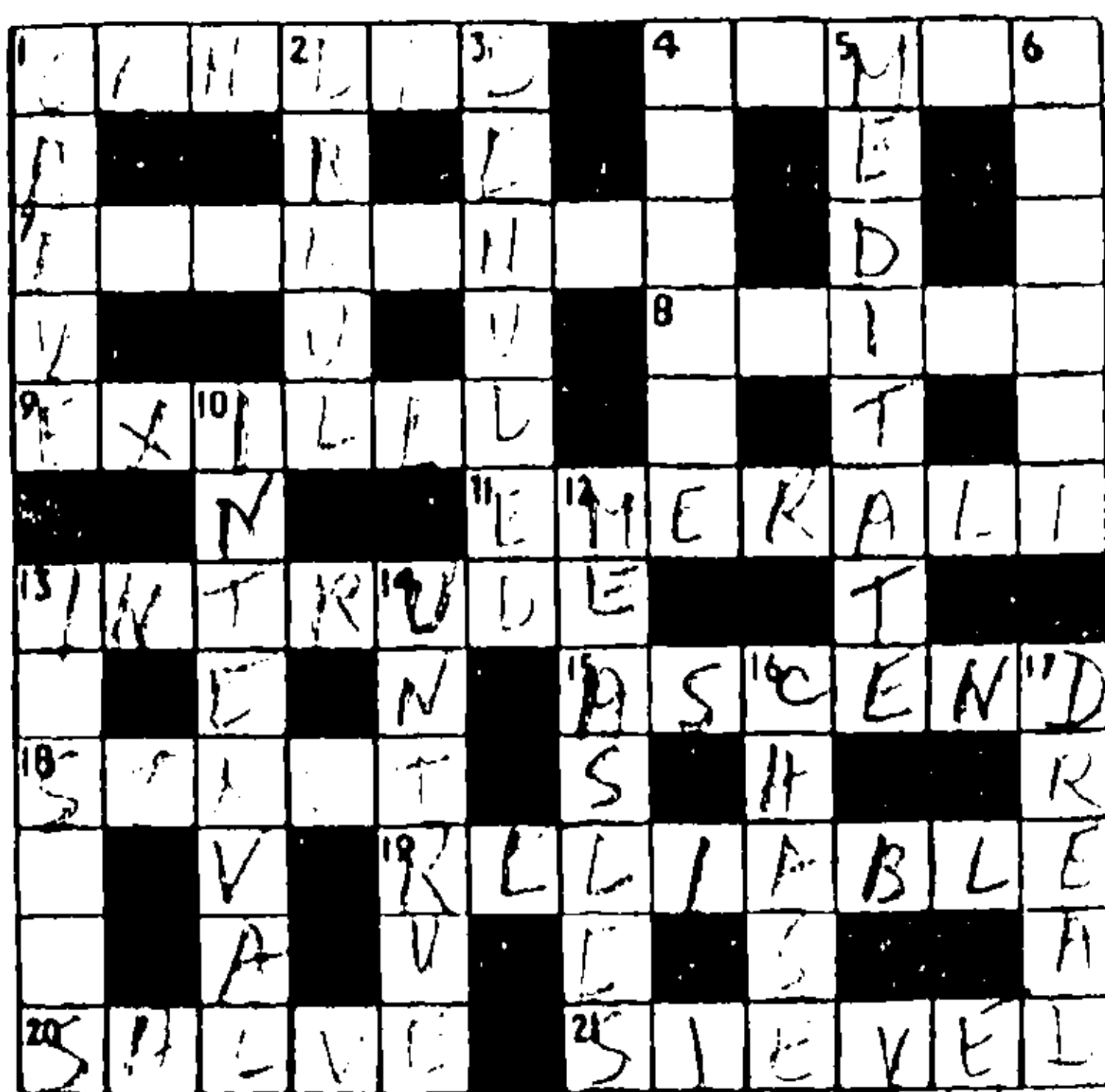
★ **MR HAMISH GLEAVE.** By Richard Llewellyn. Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.

LEWELLYN's sixth novel makes his admirers blush. It is a fulgural, unconvincing story founded on the Donald Maclean incident. Hamish Gleave, impoverished aristocrat on the Foreign Office pay roll, is so sickened by the struggle to keep up appearances in an unfriendly capitalist world that he turns towards Communism.

Writing is slack, in the glossy-magazine style, e.g. "silken commentary of dispassion." The reader of Hamish Gleave will hardly believe that it is only five books since "How Green Was My Valley."

Time to change the needle.

## A British Crossword Puzzle



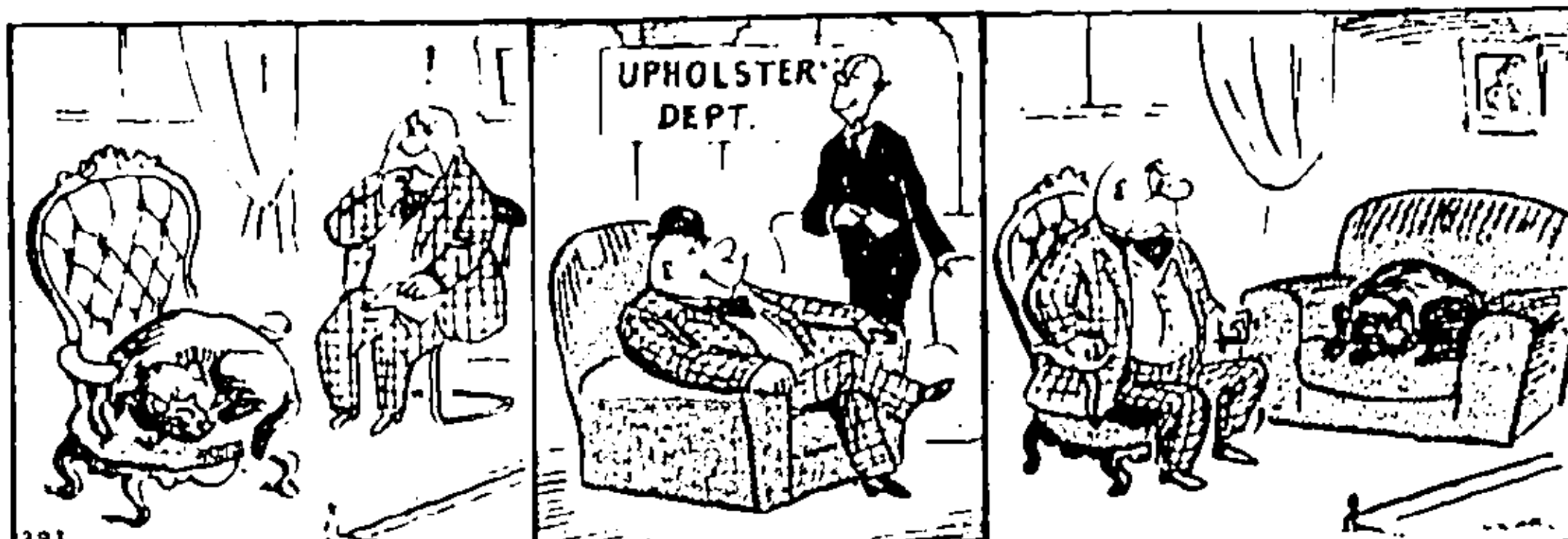
ACROSS

DOWN

- |                           |                     |
|---------------------------|---------------------|
| 1 Frank (6).              | 1 How (5).          |
| 4 Frolies (5).            | 2 Speak slowly (5). |
| 7 Kept (8).               | 3 Stripped (7).     |
| 8 Harmony (5).            | 4 Diminish (6).     |
| 9 Banished (6).           | 5 Muse (8).         |
| 11 Precious stone (7).    | 6 Influenced (6).   |
| 13 Trepidat (7).          | 10 Break (8).       |
| 15 Climb (6).             | 12 Admire (7).      |
| 18 Walk pompously (5).    | 14 Comes out (6).   |
| 19 Trustworthy (8).       | 11 Fate (6).        |
| 20 Soothing ointment (5). | 16 Pursue (5).      |
| 21 Percolated (6).        | 17 Fear (5).        |

**YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD:** Across: 1 Opal, 2 Settles, 3 Apex, 4 Star, 5 Pirates, 6 Dais, 7 Medie, 8 Attests, 9 Inure, 10 Agree, 11 Salutes, 12 Aids, 13 Veal, 14 Cutlet, 15 Lure, 16 Algo, 17 Repents, 18 Nose, 19 Down, 20 Potion, 21 Larder, 22 Septin, 23 Exista, 24 Trade, 25 Event, 26 Miss, 27 Dull, 28 Salt, 29 Sess, 30 Reveal, 31 Gallon, 32 Edicts, 33 Alike, 34 Usage, 35 Sells.

## Colonel UP and Mr. DOWN . . . by Walter



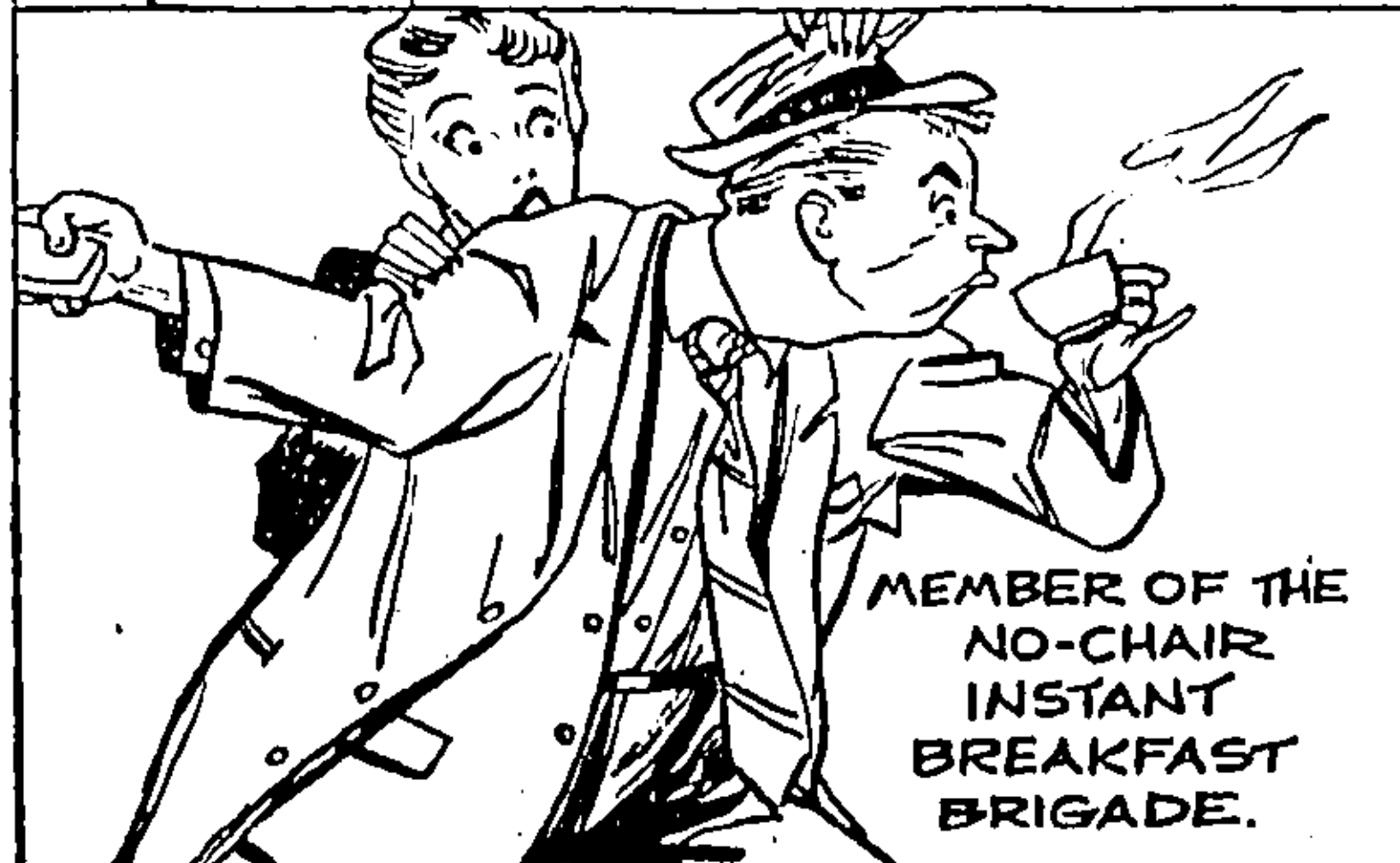
## VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Pull Up A Chair

BY HARRY WEINERT



ANY OLD CHAIR WILL DO—AS LONG AS IT'S CLOSE TO THE DANCE FLOOR.



MEMBER OF THE NO-CHAIR INSTANT BREAKFAST BRIGADE.



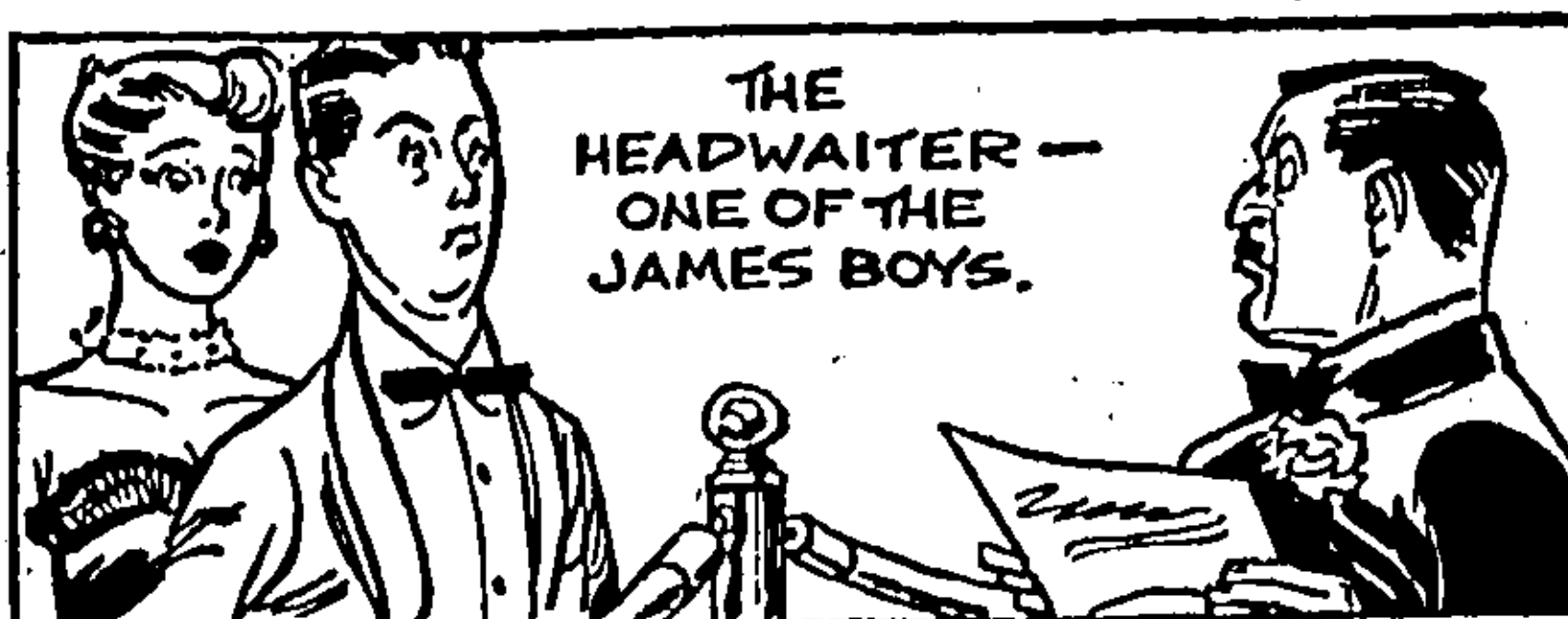
THE HOSTESS AT THE HIGH-TONED HOSTELRY WHOSE LOOK IMPLIES THAT IF SHE DID HER DUTY, SHE'D PARK YOU BEHIND THE PALMS.

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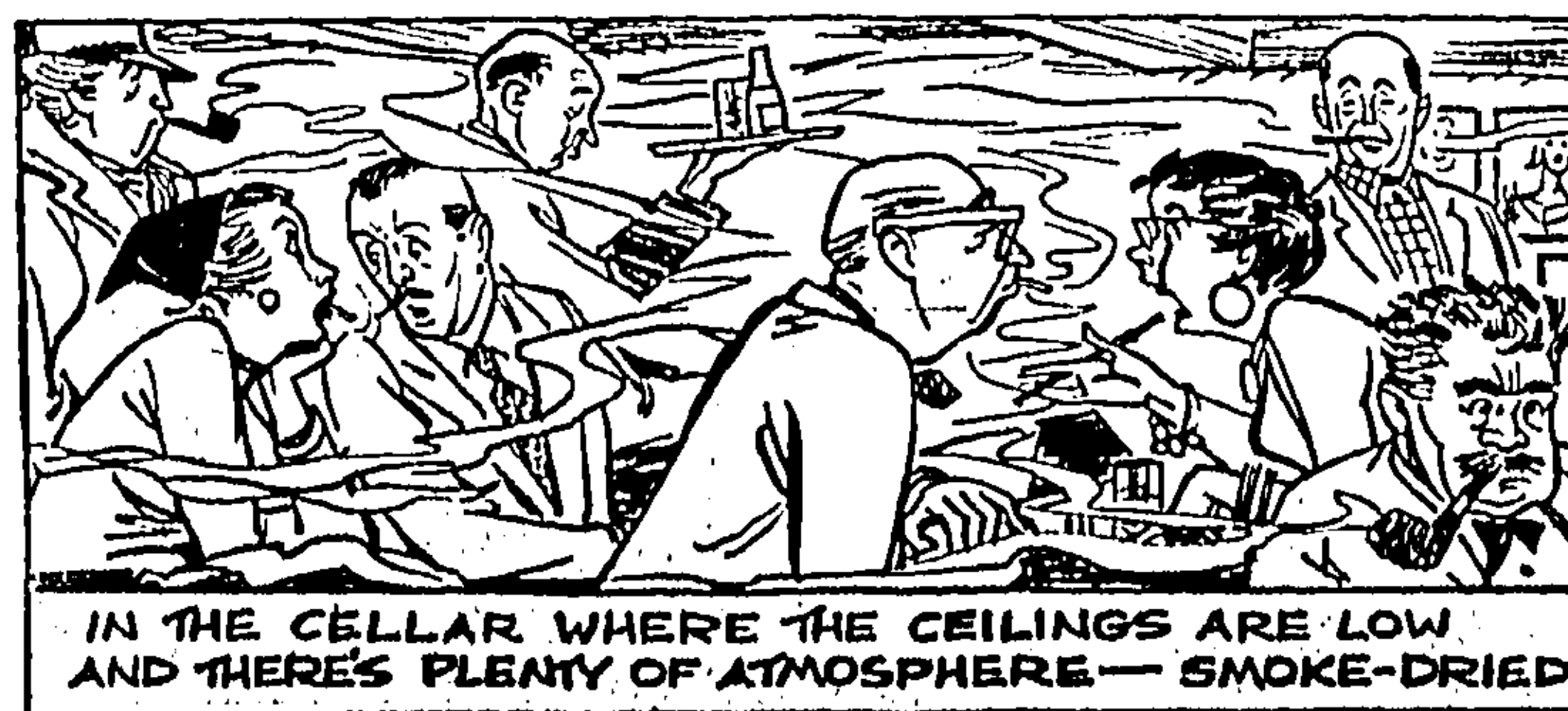


"WHAT DID I TELL YOU?"

ONE OF THOSE "THE PLACE ISN'T MUCH TO LOOK AT—BUT THE FOOD IS OUT OF THIS WORLD!"



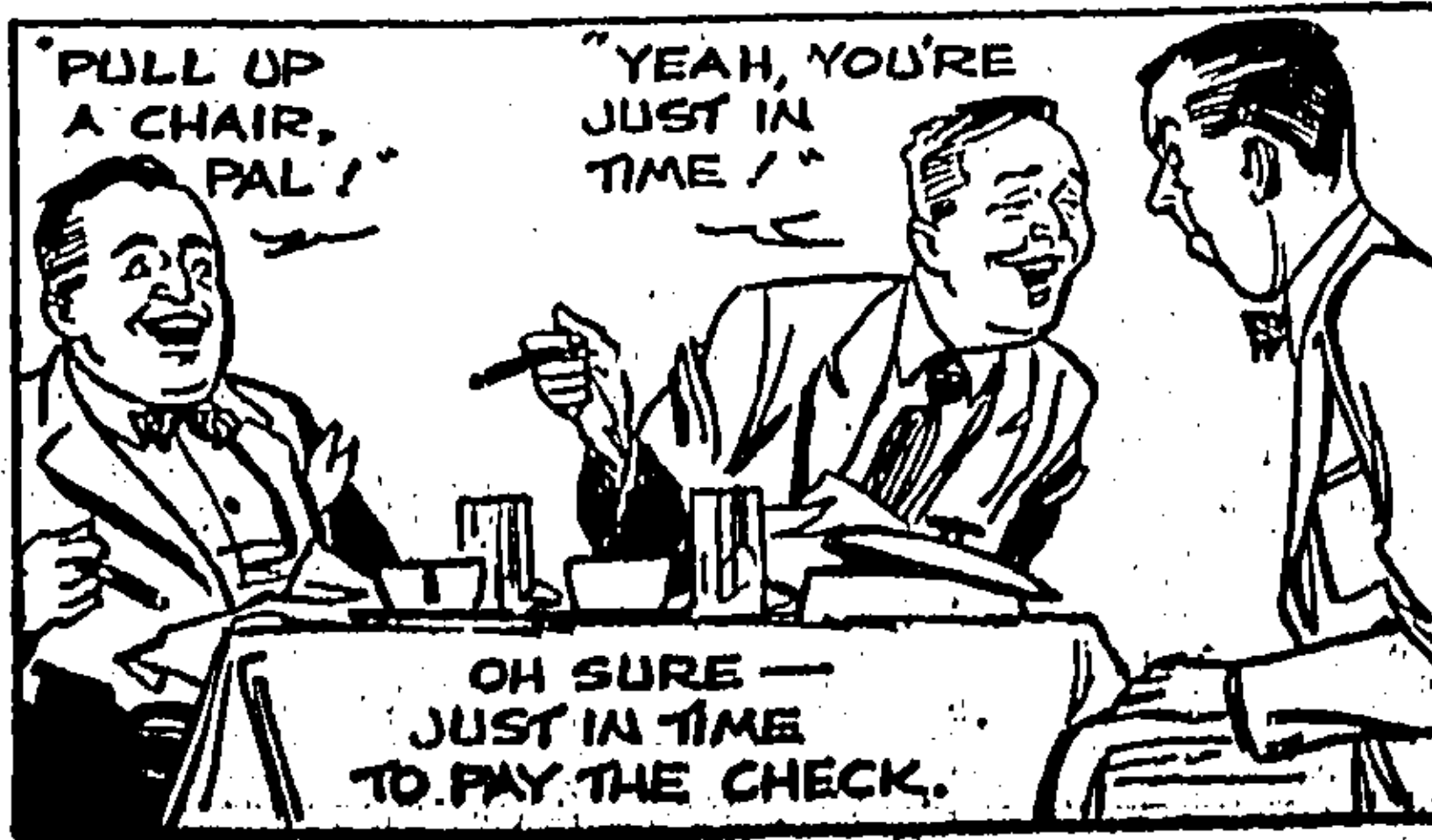
THE HEADWAITER—ONE OF THE JAMES BOYS.



IN THE CELLAR WHERE THE CEILINGS ARE LOW AND THERE'S PLENTY OF ATMOSPHERE—SMOKE-DRIED.



AT YE SIGN OF YE OLDE DRIPPING CANDLE.



"PULL UP A CHAIR, PAL!"

"YEAH, YOU'RE JUST IN TIME!"

OH SURE—JUST IN TIME TO PAY THE CHECK.











## IT ALL DEPENDS ON THE NEW BOYS Jim Burke Almost Certain To Be One Of The Openers For Australia

Says BRUCE DOOLAND

The success of the Australians will hinge largely on the ability of their new players to adapt themselves quickly to the varying conditions that apply in Britain.

A lot must depend on New South Welshman Jim Burke. He is almost certain to be one of the openers for the Tests and will face the English speed attack when it is fresh and has the new ball.

Burke is an ideal type of batsman to succeed on this tour. He has a short backlift, and watches the ball right on to the bat. Combined with his intense concentration and correct footwork, this should ensure his success. Basically his play is of a defensive nature, but he can also play shots, and does so once he settles in.

Conditions in Britain are not entirely new to Burke. Two years ago he had a very successful season in the Lancashire League, when he took his team, Tosterton, to the top and won the knock-out Worsley Cup. A useful off-spinner, he will be a danger to any team the Aussies may meet.

For the first time, Western Australia have a representative in the team in John Rutherford. He also belongs to the "short backlift school", and has had a good season in Australia. I saw him bat for a short time while I was over there last season, and to me he appears to play too much from the crease.

Unless he cures this fault, it could easily be his undoing when he plays on English wickets that cause the ball to play unexpected tricks.

**THESE VITAL GAMES**

Queensland's Peter Burge with delicate spectators with his fluent stroke play. He has had a good season in Australia, but seems to lack enough concentration to go on to a really large score. All too often he gets out just when he is seeing the ball well. If he plays in the Tests, he must overcome these lapses. In these vital games the visitors cannot afford to have batsmen virtually throwing wickets away.

Another Queenslanders, Ken Mackay, has been knocking at the Test selectors' door for several years. He gained recognition this time after an exceptionally good season at home.

Mackay could not be called an elegant player, in any sense of the word. Nevertheless, this down-left-hander's ability is proved by his past performance. He stays at the wicket at all costs, never loses concentration, and lets the runs come where they may. His slow play may earn him some criticism during the tour, but to the Aussies it will be a tremendous asset for wearing down the bowling.

These newcomers, with Colin McDonald, are Australia's only men of starting weight, amassing a good total. Should they fail to come up to standard, then the way will be open for the English bowlers to make an early attack on the stroke players—as they did in the last series.

### "DRAG" CONTROVERSY

From the bowling point of view, pacifier Pat Crawford should do very well, if he plays in the Tests. He could easily force his way into the team with his ability to bowl a Keith Miller pace, and move the ball both ways.

At the moment, this tall New South Welshman is the subject of a great deal of controversy over his drag. Personally I see no objection to this drag problem, as the law stands at the moment. It is a physical impossibility for any bowler either fast or slow, to bowl off the back foot. Consequently every bowler drags over the line prior to delivery.

Last year it was suggested that the bowler's front foot

should land behind the popping crease. This could have been the solution, but several umpires have told me that if they watch the front foot of the bowler, there is no time to observe where the ball pitches on the wicket, and this is absolutely necessary for giving low decisions.

The rule and application have stood the test for a long time now, and I see no need to interfere with it. These queries always come up at the start of a tour. Tyson met them in Australia, Lindwall in 1948—and after all the umpires are there to see that the bowler lands behind the line.

### SHOULD SUIT HIM

Left arm spinner, Jack Wilson is another player with great possibilities. Although he is not an attacking bowler like Lock, the conditions should suit him admirably. However, I think he will find it more effective to bowl around, instead of over the wicket, as he usually does.

The only other new man is the Victorian keeper, Len Maddocks. This is his first tour of England, but he has played against the MCC in Australia, and toured the West Indies. He is not as good with the gloves as Gil Langley, but is a good bat, and gave the MCC plenty of trouble in Australia.

These newcomers with the "old hands", provide a strong team who will give us some cricket worth watching during the season.

**TIP FOR THE WEEK:**—Never underestimate any player. This makes him twice the player that he really is.

(COPYRIGHT)

## JIM BURKE PADS UP



Burke at Lord's for a practice with his teammates.  
—Central Press Photo.

## SPORTS ROUNDOABOUT By W. Capel Kirby Denis—No Tests

Sad news from Compton admirers is that Denis will not play until late in the season instead of June as confidently anticipated a week ago.

As Denis walked round Lord's to welcome the Aussies at their first net practice there was no limp or visible sign of anything seriously wrong.

In fact, he looked fitter than for a long time, but I understand "The Knee" has to pay yet another visit to the manipulative surgeon who is as anxious as any of us to see Denis back at the wicket.

Compton's chief fitness incentive is to get among the runs before the MCC tour of South Africa, his wife's home, where it is said he plans to settle when his playing days are finished.

"It's simple. I shall delay serious competition for three months," was John Disley's reply to my query about the difficulty of being at peak form for the out-of-season Melbourne Olympics. In other words no steepchase racing for Disley until July.

### ANY OFFERS?

Lincoln City are not asking the moon for inside forwards Jimmy Garvie (26) or Brian Birch (23), formerly with Manchester United and Wolves.

Garvie arrived at Lincoln via Hibs and Preston.

Coventry manager George Raynor, who left Sweden because he was fed up with star-making for Italian punters, has been invited back to discover and develop 1958 World Cup talent.

"My place is here at home," said George.

### I ASK YOU

I wonder whether we have seen the last of cheerful Chris Chataway as an international track performer?

Whether Mel Charles, Ivor Allchurch and other Welsh internationals will be leaving the valleys for First Division honours?

Whether Ted Purdon and Ken Chisholm will be wasting away after being left out of Sunderland's touring party leaving for Israel tomorrow?

## Sports Diary

**TODAY**

Motor Sports: Club Spring Rally, New Territories and Island.

Lawn Bowls

Division 1: KBOC, Rector, TC v FC, IRC (Gold) v KOC, CCC v IRC (B).

Division 2: Rector v HKFC, USRC v FC, POC v HKCC, KCC v CCC, KCC (B) v IRC (B).

Division 3: KOC v CCC, HKFC v PRC, HKFC v KBOC, FC v HKPSA.

**SECCO**

Stanley Shield Finals.

**TOMORROW**

3rd Division: Solicitors v REME, 4.30 p.m. (HV); Talbot v Dairy Farm (HV) 8 p.m.

4th Division: B & S v University, 4.30 p.m. (HV); Watsons v RIL (HV) 6 p.m.; Crawford v Kin. Godwin (HV) 8 p.m.

SHOOT

HKFA Practice Shoot at Kai Tak Range, 9 a.m.

## ROY PESKETT RECALLS THE DRAMAS

### AND THRILLS OF WEMBLEY

# A SHORT STEP SEPARATES TRAGEDY FROM JOY

The loneliest place in football is the dressing-room of the losing team in a Wembley Cup Final. Opposite, across the concrete tunnel which leads from the historic grass bowl, is the winners' enclosure—all delight and laughter, where flashbulbs compete with champagne bubbles.

But, after the first quick inquests, visits from newsmen and photographers, nobody wants to know the losers. Many a time I have watched as a player, his once brand-new kit now creased and clinging with perspiration, his world crashed before him, has been too tired to drag himself to the showers.

There have been 27 finals for the Football Association Challenge Cup at Wembley, from that first day in 1923 when the crowd overran the pitch and the white horse and its police escort rode into football history.

Because it has become part of our history, and because of the almost priceless piece of past-board which gives admittance, the Cup Final provides more drama, tragedy, excitement, and interest than any other match of the year.

The Cup Final story is littered with memories which will never fade. Almost everything has happened at Wembley, except that a player has never been ordered from the field. The only men to have left "before the end" have been the casualties.

Three times have penalties been awarded, and three times they have been turned into goals.

George Mutch, chunky little Preston North End goal, was the first to face the ordeal of a spot-kick.

Recall that sunlit day in April, 1938. Ninety dull minutes have gone, and neither Huddersfield Town nor Preston have yielded a goal. On, for the first time in a Wembley final into extra time... and that, too, has almost run its course.

Then big Young brushes with the small Mutch, who, bowled over like a rabbit, lies flat on his face as referee Jimmy Jewell whistles a penalty. Up Mutch gets, and how near he is to missing his shot is shown by the blob of white wash on the ball as it bounds down from the underside of the crossbar.

### AGONY IN GOAL

Forward ten years, and the cold eyes of the newscamera dispute the referee's decision to give Blackpool a penalty which starts the goal rush in the greatest ever Wembley final. Big Eddie Shillwell shows no nerves as he bangs in the ball, but Manchester United still win 4-2.

It is 1954, and Ronnie Allen, of West Bromwich Albion, is the third man to take a penalty. But before he can take it, an opponent stops his run-up to point out that the ball has rolled off the spot. And Allen has to stamp down a "divot" on the whitewashed mark before shooting home.

Goalkeepers' mistakes have been plentiful for has not Wembley been called "The 'Keepers' Graveyard"?

Remember the ball slithering off the shiny jersey of Arsenal's Welshman Dan Lewis, to give Wales, and Cardiff City, their first-ever English Cup? Since then no Arsenal goalkeeper has worn a new jersey in the final.

Remember 1953, when slips by Farnham (Blackpool) and Hanson (Bolton) gave a goal to each side in the "Stanley Matthews" match. And the thrills as Blackpool pull up from 1-3 down to snatch triumph, and a winner's medal for the peer-

less Stanley in the dying seconds.

**CHARGED THROUGH**

In that match Eric Bell was crippled, but stayed on to score a goal.

Fading from memory is that fantastic opening scene in 1928, when Blackburn Rovers' centre-forward, Roscamp, charged Huddersfield goalkeeper Mercer over the line, with the ball, less than a minute after the kick-off.

If that was an exciting start, Manchester City supplied just as dramatic a finish six years later, when Fred Tilson kept his half-time dressing-room promise ("I'll plonk two in in the second half") and goalkeeper Frank Swift, just 19, keels over in a faint as referee Stanley Tious blows for time.

Eleven minutes to go in 1952, and Arsenal, with Jimmy Logie on one leg (Newcastle skipper Joe Harvey said he was tired out in the second half through constantly picking up Logie) and Daniel nursing a broken wrist, hit the crossbar, and the ball goes over. Six minutes later Newcastle hit a post, and the ball goes in.

In the previous match between the teams 20 years before, J.R. Richardson crossed the ball for Allen to head into the Arsenal net, and the "Over the Line" goal went into history—the most controversial goal of the whole 81 scored at Wembley finals.

The shadow of the Great Zeppelin hovered over the 1930 final, and Alex James set Arsenal on the winning road with a goal "dropped" from a free-kick—his first goal of the season.

Joe Bradford scored for Birmingham (before they added "City" to their name) the following year, crippled himself in so doing, and finished on the wing.

The first post-war final gave us the magic of Derby County's Carter and Doherty, the burst-

ing ball 30 seconds from full time, and Bert Turner, of Charlton, scoring for both sides within a minute.

Everything happens in a final... but what a day it is.

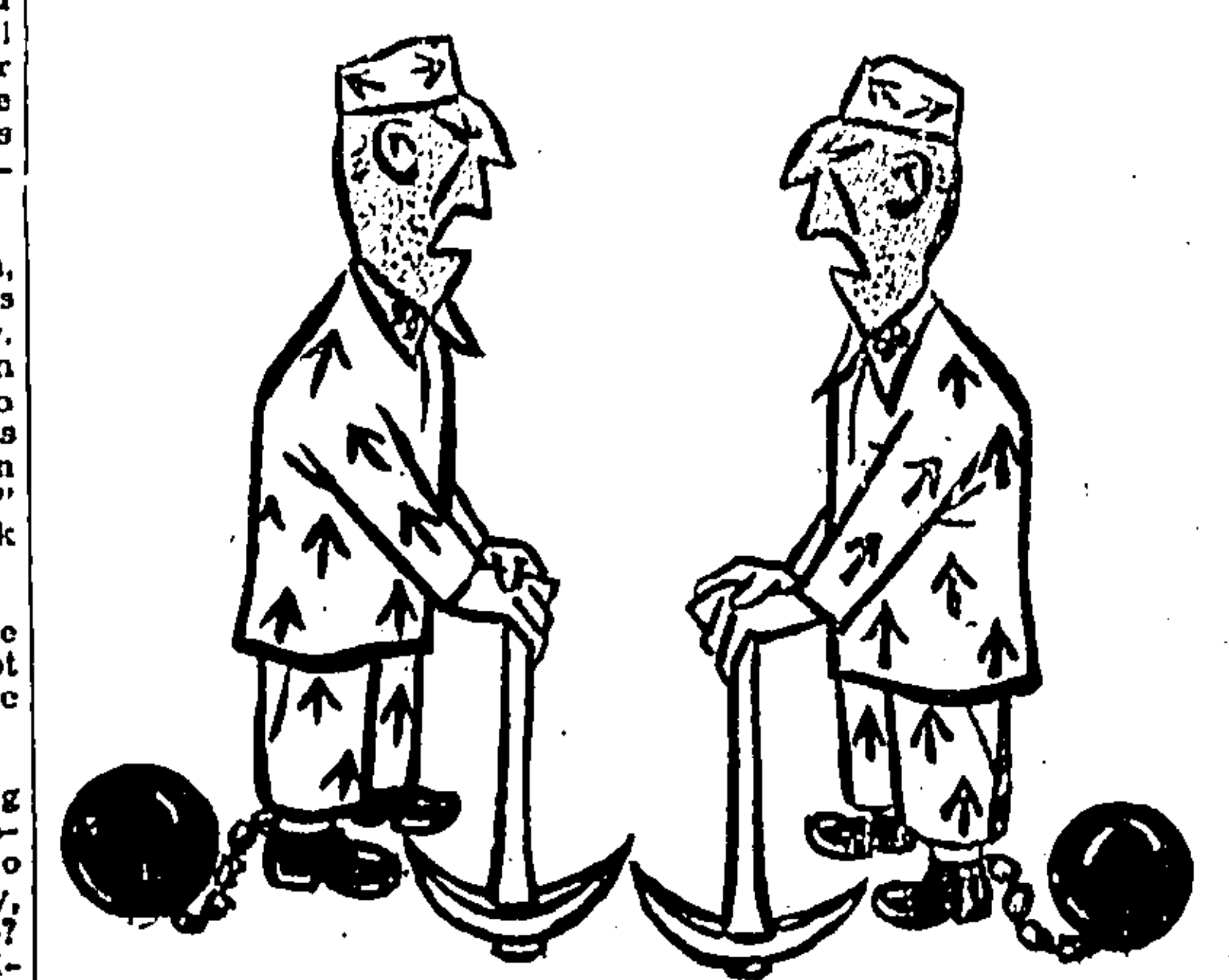
### WEMBLEY'S 28 FINALS

1923 Bolton W. 2	West Ham 0
1924 Newcastle U. 2	Aston Villa 0
1925 Sheffield U. 1	Cardiff City 0
1926 Bolton W. 1	Manchester City 0
1927 Cardiff City 1	Arsenal 0
1928 Blackburn R. 3	Huddersfield T. 0
1929 Bolton W. 2	Preston N.E. 1
1930 Arsenal 3	Huddersfield T. 0
1931 W. Brom. 2	Birmingham 1
1932 Newcastle U. 2	Arsenal 0
1933 Everton 3	Manchester City 0
1934 Man. 2	Exetermouth 2
1935 Sheffield W. 4	West Bromwich 2
1936 Arsenal 1	Preston N.E. 0
1937 Sunderland 1	Huddersfield T. 0
1938 Preston N.E. 1	Wolverhampton W. 1
1939 Portsmouth 4	Charlton A.A. 0
1940 Derby C. 4	Burnley 1
1941 Charlton 1	Burnley 0
1942 Man. U. 2	Blackpool 2
1943 Walsby W. 3	Leicester C. 1
1944 Arsenal 2	Liverpool 0
1945 Newcastle U. 2	Blackpool 0
1946 Newcastle U. 1	Arsenal 0
1947 Blackpool 4	Bolton 0
1948 W. Brom. 3	Preston N.E. 2
1949 Newcastle U. 3	Manchester City 1
1950 Newcastle U. 3	Manchester City 1

\*After extra time.

### WATER SHORTAGE

CLOTHES WASHED WITH SURF  
NEED LESS RINSING.  
SURF ALSO LATHERS AND  
WASHES EXCELLENTLY IN  
SEA WATER!  
SAVE PRECIOUS FRESH WATER  
FOR RINSING.



but there's nothing like a

# Carlsberg

EXCEPT OF COURSE  
...another Carlsberg



NOW taste the Difference—

Sole Agents: THE EAST ASIATIC CO., LTD.

## FINISH OF THE 2,000 GUINEAS



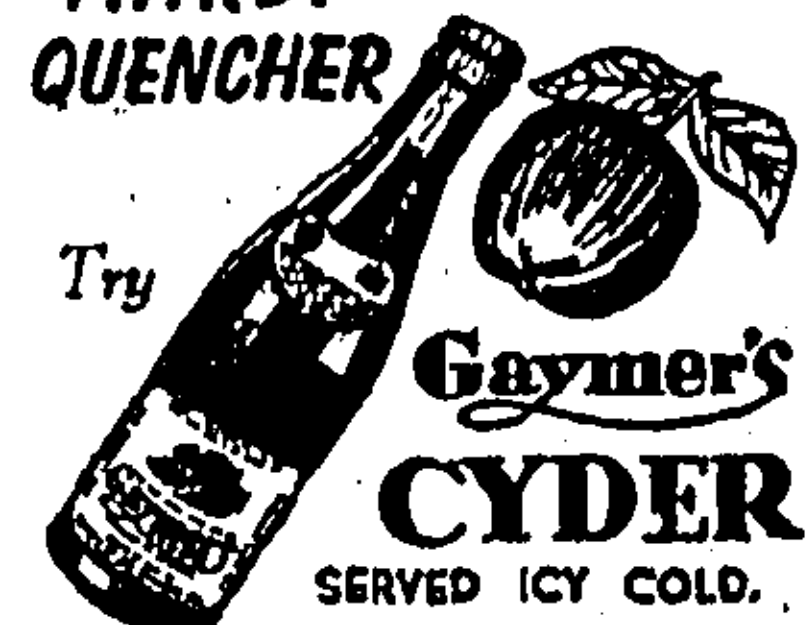
The finish of the 2,000 Guineas at Newmarket on May 2. First was Mr A. G. Samuel's Gilles de Retz (F. Barlow up), second was Mrs E. Foster's Chanteleuse (E. Britt up) and third was H. H. the Aga Khan's Buisson Ardent (P. Pinceley up).—Central Press Photo.

## THE GAMBOLS . . . by Barry Appleby

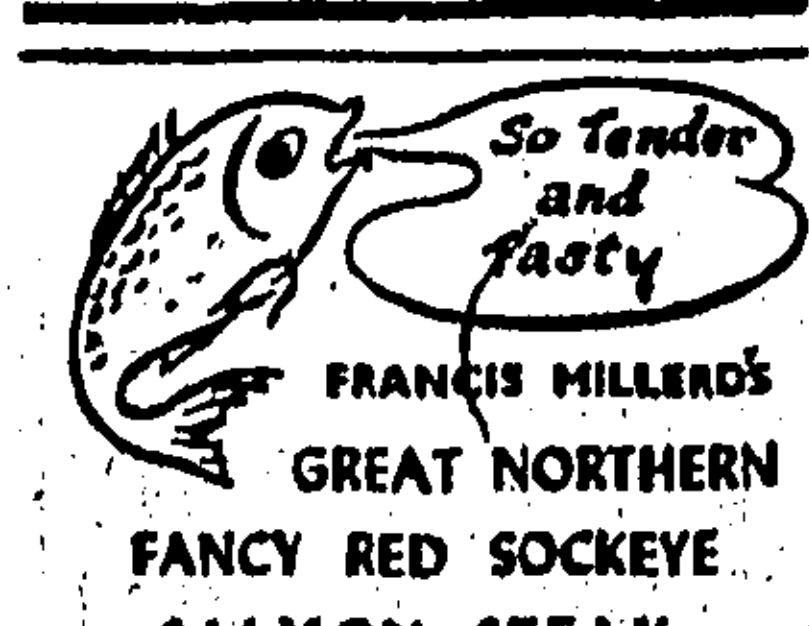


### For the most refreshing

## THIRST QUENCHER



Sole Agents: Swiss & Machine Ltd.



Sole Agents: SWISS & MACHINE LTD.

## Answers To Sports Quiz

1. The 1,000 Guineas, the Oaks, and the St. Leger.
2. Six.
3. Two, Charlton and Arsenal.
4. Angela Mortimer and Ann Shillock beat Pat Ward and Shirley Bloomer in the Women's Doubles.
5. Five.
6. Shooting, baseball, and badminton.
7. It is a form of boxing where each boxer stands still in turn and allows the other a free punch.
8. Basketball.
9. They won the FA Cup and were promoted to the First Division.
10. Hushim Khan.



★ ★ ★

# FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

★ ★ ★

## TRUE ADVENTURE

### DAVY CROCKET HAD A CLOSE CALL

By HAROLD GLUCK

DAVY CROCKETT was famous for his ability to hunt bears. And because of this he was always doing favours for his friends. When sat down, the meat could be preserved. And the skins were very useful.

In the autumn of 1825, Davy planned to take a trip away from home. Being a kind and thoughtful man, he wanted to make certain there would be plenty of food for his family while he was away. So he went out and killed enough bears to last a long time.

#### A GOOD DEED

Davy Crockett was sitting in a chair in his home when a neighbour entered and asked a favour. "Davy," he said, "there are plenty of fat bears around here. Will you help me lay in a supply of bear meat?"



The famous man had eight large dogs to help him hunting. So he took these dogs with him and went out to kill some bears. And with him on this trip went his son, whom he often took hunting.

The bears were killed and Davy was happy that he had been able to do a good deed. On the way back to his own home, Davy met a stranger who looked very sad.

"Anything wrong?" asked Davy.

"I haven't any meat for my family," explained the stranger, "and I've never killed a bear."

By this time our hero was really tired. But could he refuse to do another good deed?

Davy and his son went out hunting again. When finished they had killed enough bears to supply the man and his family for an entire year.

Father and son returned home. And the next day what happened?

You guessed it—a neighbour visited Davy and asked him to go hunting for bears.

Said Davy later: "I couldn't refuse."

At this rate, Davy was fast becoming the most dangerous enemy of the bears.

But one of his bear-hunting trips almost turned out to be fatal. ALMOST—except that Davy could think fast in an emergency.

This time, he was away from his camp and there was snow on the ground. The weather was very cold. He couldn't find anything suitable for a fire.

"So I concluded I should freeze if I didn't warm myself up in some way of exercise," he related later.

What do you think he did? He climbed a tree with not a limb on it for 30 feet. Remember, it was dark and Davy had to survive through the night.

So he climbed the tree and looked his arms around it. Next he slid down. Then he started all over.

He continued doing this until morning. He figured he did it about one hundred times!

But he kept warm and found his way back to camp. That's what you call real clever thinking.

Certainly Davy Crockett was a good man in every way—a credit to himself, to his family, to his friends, and to his country.

#### HOW TO SURVIVE

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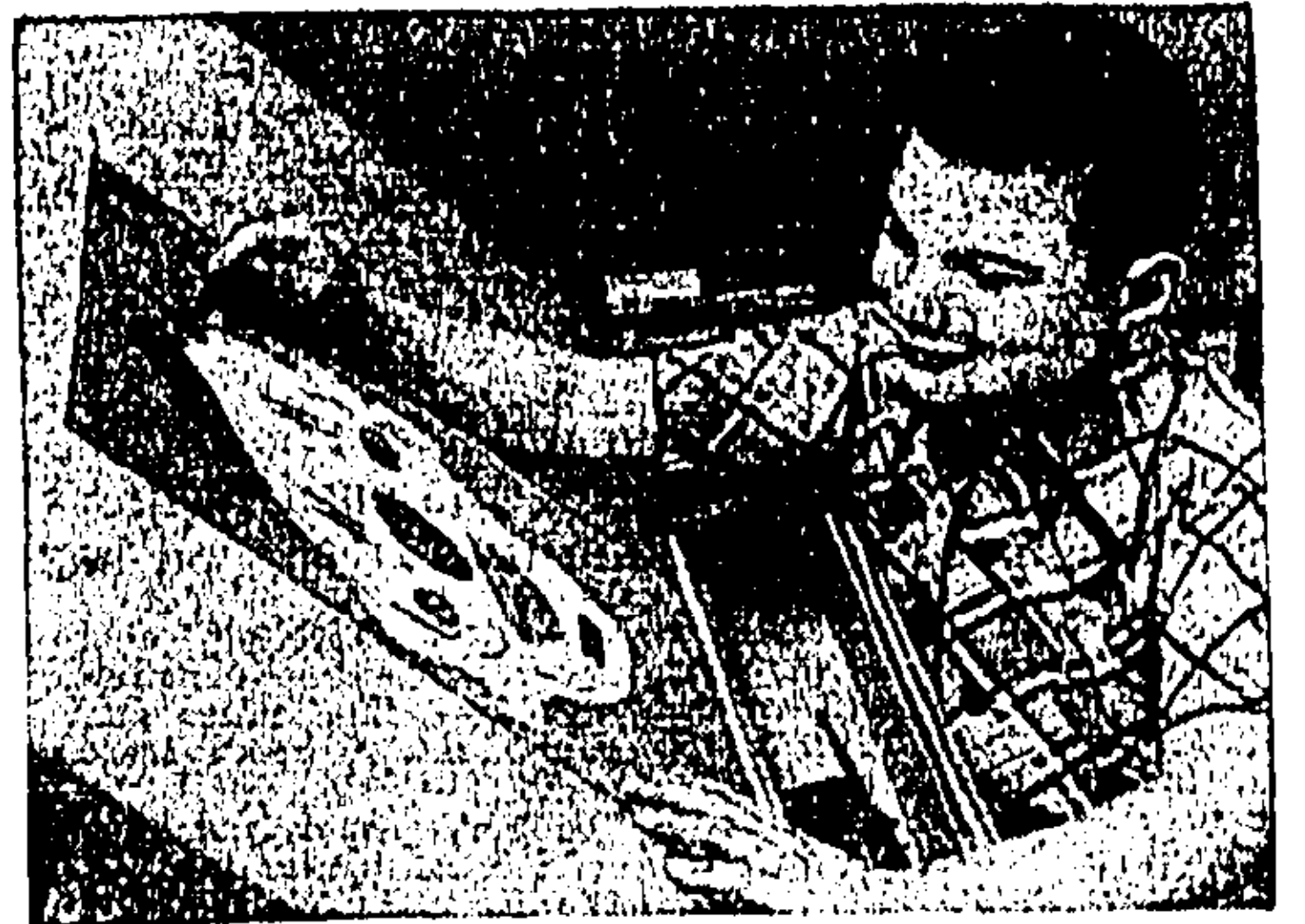
"So I concluded I should freeze if I didn't warm myself up

## A Dream Comes True As David Becomes A Clown—For A Day

HAVE you ever wanted to be a clown? David DiZinno of Lyndhurst, O., did—and presto, he WAS one!

Here's how it happened: Uncle Leslie, clown of the Tip Top Cartoon Club on Cleveland's WEWS-TV, held a contest. Best original clown drawing would win its artist a guest performance in Cleveland with the famous Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey Circus.

Six-year-old David won—and spent an unforgettable day with the circus greats, climaxed by the ringmaster's announcement of his triumph under the big top.



David starts clown career with prize-winning drawing...

## Value Of Stamps Reflects The Ups And Downs Of St Helena

TIME was when every ship from Britain that made the hazardous journey round the Cape of Good Hope called at the little (10½ miles by 6½) island of St Helena.

But, with the opening of the Suez Canal, ships no longer needed the victualling service that St Helena offered. The island was bypassed, dropped into the back-ground of the Western world's consciousness and emerged only in wartime as an ocean base.

Or, famously, as the internment place of Napoleon.

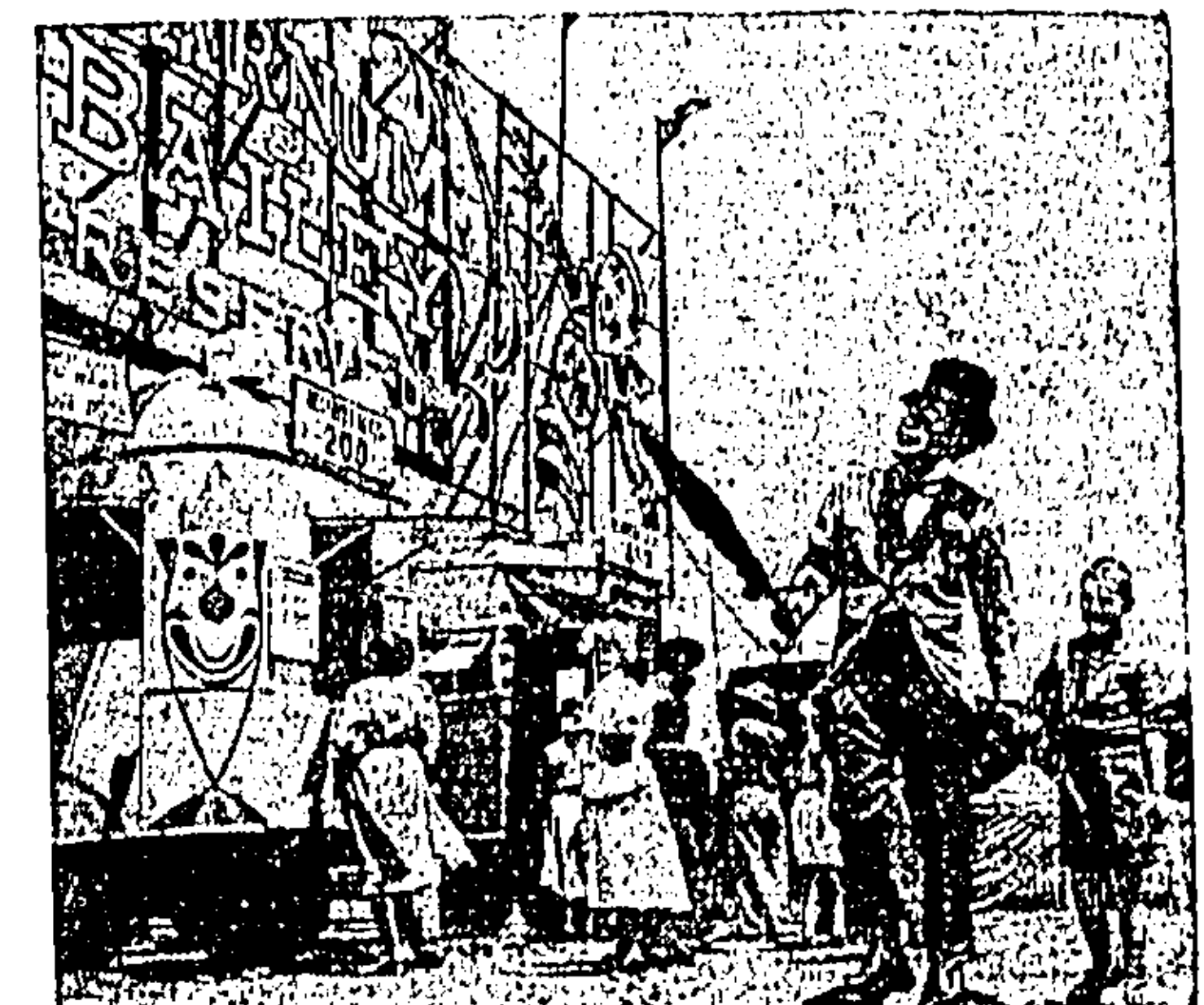
The ups and downs of St Helena are mirrored largely in the value of the island's stamps. And reproduced here is an interesting new one-issued to commemorate and display the first stamp of the island, put out exactly 100 years ago.

The new stamp, one of a set of three, is a 6d mauve. The first one was an imperforate 6d blue and its catalogue price is £14 unused (or mint) and £12 used.

Most highly priced of St Helena's stamps is a deep yellow-green 6d issued between 1865 and '68 and surcharged to the value of 1/-.

Because of an error in printing, the surcharge is inscribed twice. Such are the freaks that make stamp values soar.

There are three stamps in the new commemorative set. They are perforated 11½, reissued and sold at 1/7d in London.—J. A. A.



... is escorted to circus by Uncle Leslie (Linn Sheldon) ...

## Morse Learned A Useful Lesson About Art...

By J. A. RICKARD

IT was one day in 1810 that young Samuel F. B. Morse stood in the presence of the famous artist, Benjamin West. The artist looked a long time at a painting which Morse had brought along.

"I would like to complete this work of art as soon as possible," Morse explained, "for I have hopes that it will be hung in the Royal Academy."

"And you want me to advise you, so that you can finish it?" West asked.

"Yes, sir. I hope there is not much to do on it."



Two weeks later, less hopeful this time, the young painter was back. "Is anything wrong now?" he asked with hesitation.

"It is still not completely finished," said West. "You should make some changes here, and here, and here."

Young Morse was in despair. For the time of submitting the picture to the Academy was almost at hand. However, he took it back to his room and worked on it night and day.

"I have done all that I know to do to perfect it," he told his father. "And tomorrow I have to submit it."

"You have done an excellent piece of work," was the comment. "And I am sure the public will recognise its greatness. You have learned more in doing this work than you could have learned in a half dozen half-finished paintings. Draw a number of sketches, and you may become a good painter, and you are an artist."

Young Morse went away after having learned a great lesson of life. It was a lesson that he applied later by inventing the telegraph.

"You have done well," commented the master. "Now take it back and finish it."

"What?" the young painter cried. "You mean it is not completed now?"

"It is not really finished," was the reply. "If you want the best, you will need to work some more on that corner, and touch up this spot." And for another five minutes he showed his pupil wherein the picture might be improved.

"There is much to do, young man. This spot needs smoothing up, and that one needs darkening. This scene is not quite natural, and that one needs more colour." The great artist went over the canvas at length, pointing out defects and suggesting remedies.

Young Morse took the painting back to his room and worked with it for two weeks. Then he brought it hopefully again to the master.

"I have it finished," he announced.

"Oh no, it needs other work," the artist declared. "See, here, and here, and here." And once more he pointed out defects to be retouched.

The young painter worked long and hard, remembering the master's advice. Finally he had it ready for another inspection.

"You have done well," commented the master. "Now take it back and finish it."

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## HOW ABOUT AN ALLIGATOR STEAK?

DO you know the difference between the alligator and the crocodile? The crocodile has a long, narrow snout, while the alligator's is blunt or rounded. The crocodile is more dangerous.

The alligator lives in the swamps of southern United States and some parts of China. They are becoming fewer and some of the states are taking steps to conserve them so they will not become extinct like the buffalo.

An alligator is a powerful swimmer. It uses its tail as a propeller as fishes do. On land, it is clumsy. It defends itself with its tail by moving it from side to side very fast.

When the alligator is born, it is only eight inches long. It grows to be 10 feet or more. A young alligator eats insects, small fish, frogs or worms. When older, he eats birds, fishes and animals like ducks, pigs and muskrats. At four-foot length, he has been known to eat pop bottles.

The alligator's voice is a low growl or roar, when fully grown, but more of a squeak or grunt when it is young. It hibernates in the winter in a den or cave under the water.

When hunters look for the "gator," they always go at night. They carry with them flashlights to attract the attention of the alligator. It stares, fascinated, into the light.

Some people in the southern United States like to eat alligator. But the alligator's skin is used for making shoes and handbags.



## Knarf's Cuckoo Lesson

—The Shadow Pays A Visit To The Cuckoo Clock—

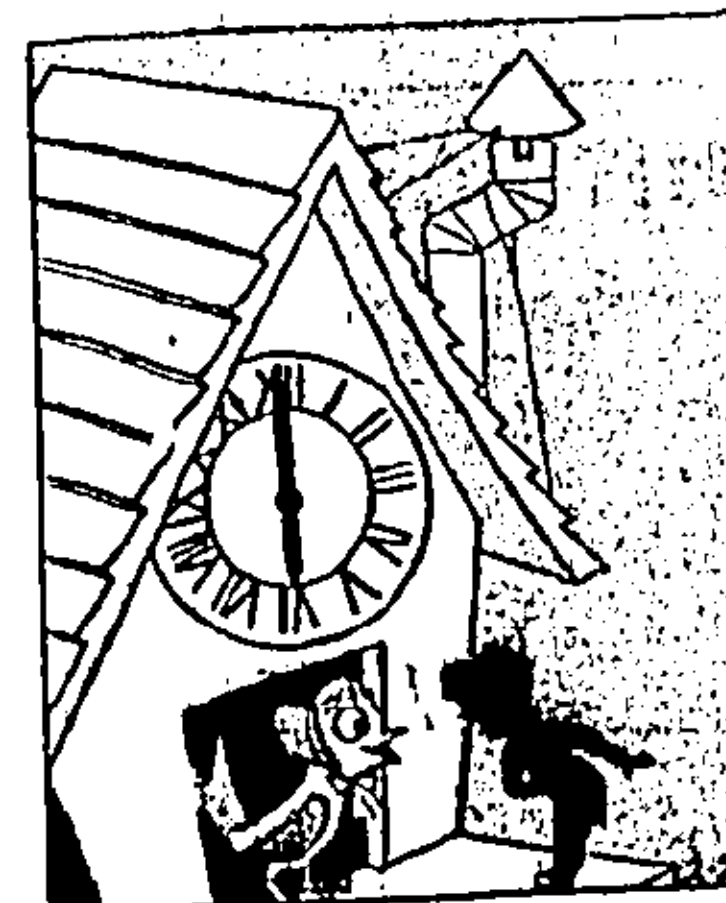
By MAX TRELL

TEDDY the Stuffed Bear stopped Knarf, the shadow-boy.

"What," asked Teddy, "were you doing inside the cuckoo clock?"

"I saw you go in when Mrs Cuckoo opened her door to call out six o'clock. You didn't come out until she opened her door again at seven o'clock. That means you were inside visiting with Mrs Cuckoo for a whole hour."

"That's right," said Knarf. "Mrs Cuckoo was giving me a lesson."



#### Cuckoo Lesson

"A cuckoo lesson?" said Teddy.

"A sort of a cuckoo lesson," said Knarf. "It was a lesson about birds."

Teddy the Stuffed Bear was curious to know more about the lesson that his friend Knarf had learned from Mrs Cuckoo while visiting her inside the cuckoo clock between the hours of six and seven.

"I'll be glad to tell you all about it," said Knarf. "I mean I'll tell you as much as I can remember."

"The lesson started when I told Mrs Cuckoo that all the robins had flown south for the winter where it was nice and warm. I asked Mrs Cuckoo if she wasn't jealous of the robins because they could go down south while she had to spend the winter up north inside the clock."

#### All Kinds

"I don't envy any bird," Mrs Cuckoo told me. "There are all kinds of birds. Some of us do one thing, some of us do another. We don't look alike. We have different names. We're as different from one another as day from night."

"What did Mrs Cuckoo mean by all that?" Teddy asked Knarf.

"This is what she explained to me," said Knarf to Teddy. "She said that there was the lark, for instance. The lark is a little bird that—"

#### Sang All Night

"She told me," Knarf continued, "that most birds sang all day while the nightingale sang all night. She told me that most birds loved warm weather except the penguin."

"Is the penguin a bird?" exclaimed Teddy.

"Oh yes, the penguin is a bird all right," said Knarf, "only he can't fly. He can only swim and he hates warm weather. He lives near the South Pole where the ocean is full of ice."

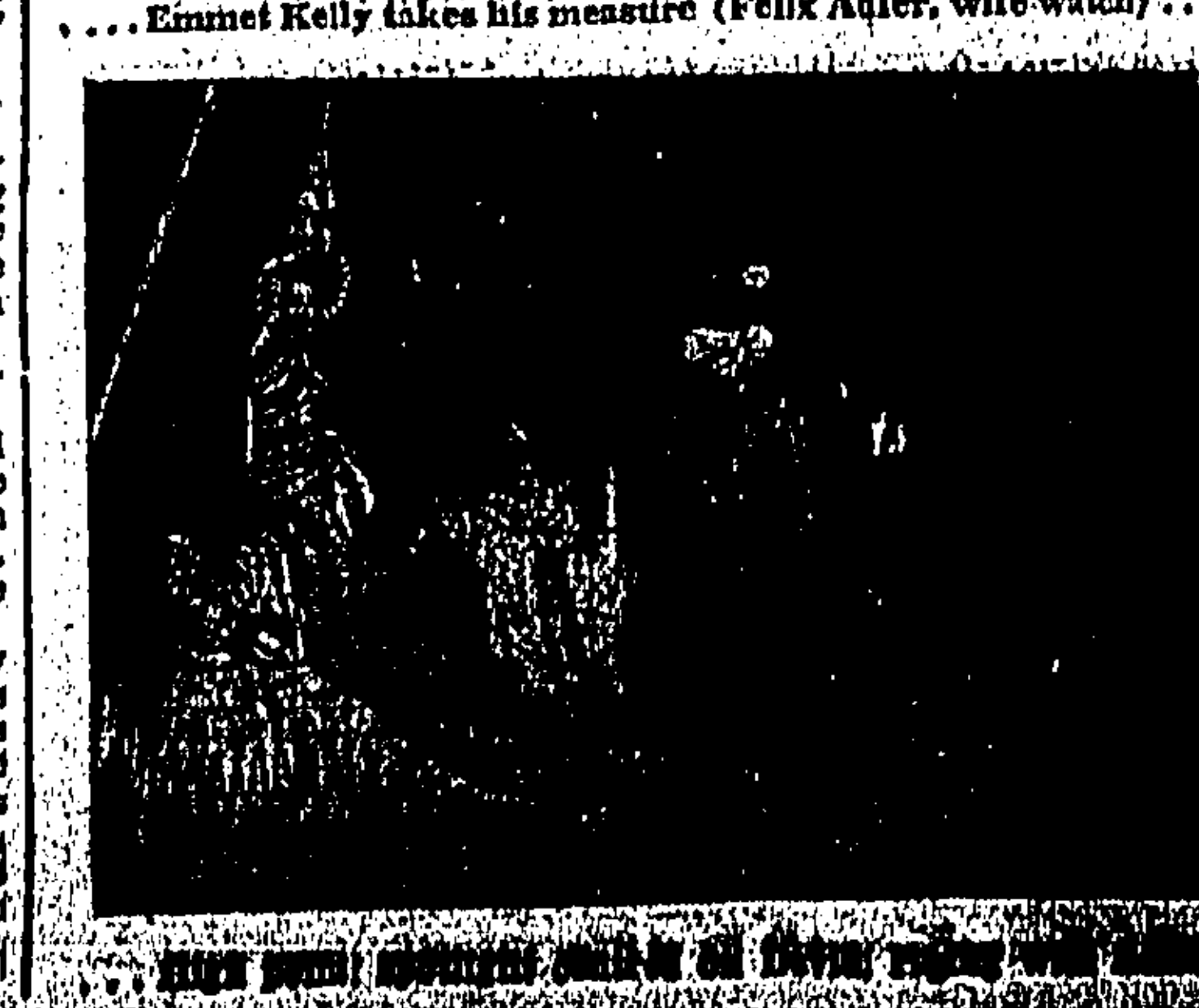
"She told me," Knarf continued, "that the canary likes to sing and the parrot likes to talk. The swallow eats insects that fly in the air while the woodpecker eats insects that stay in the bark of trees. She told me that some birds live in trees, some birds live in the water, and some birds live in the ground."



... where veteran midget clown Frank Saluto makes him up ...



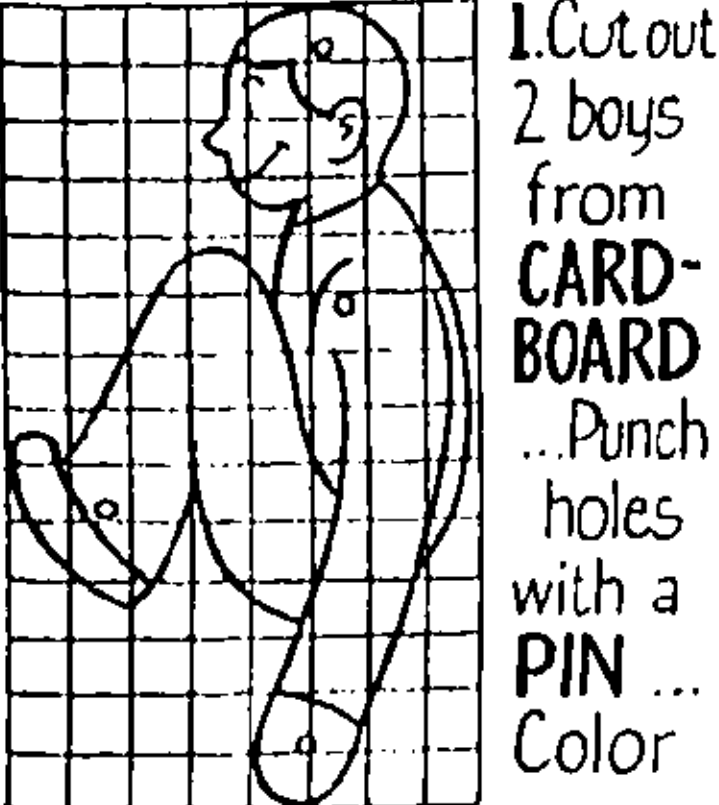
... Emmet Kelly takes his measure (Felix Adler, wife watch) ...



... where veteran midget clown Frank Saluto makes him up ...

## SLIDING SAM

—MARK IN 1/4 INCH SQUARES—



1. Cut out 2 boys from CARD-BOARD. Punch holes with a PIN. Color on opposite sides with CRAYON.

2. FASTEN THE 2 PIECES TOGETHER WITH TOOTHPICKS PLACED THROUGH THE HOLES.

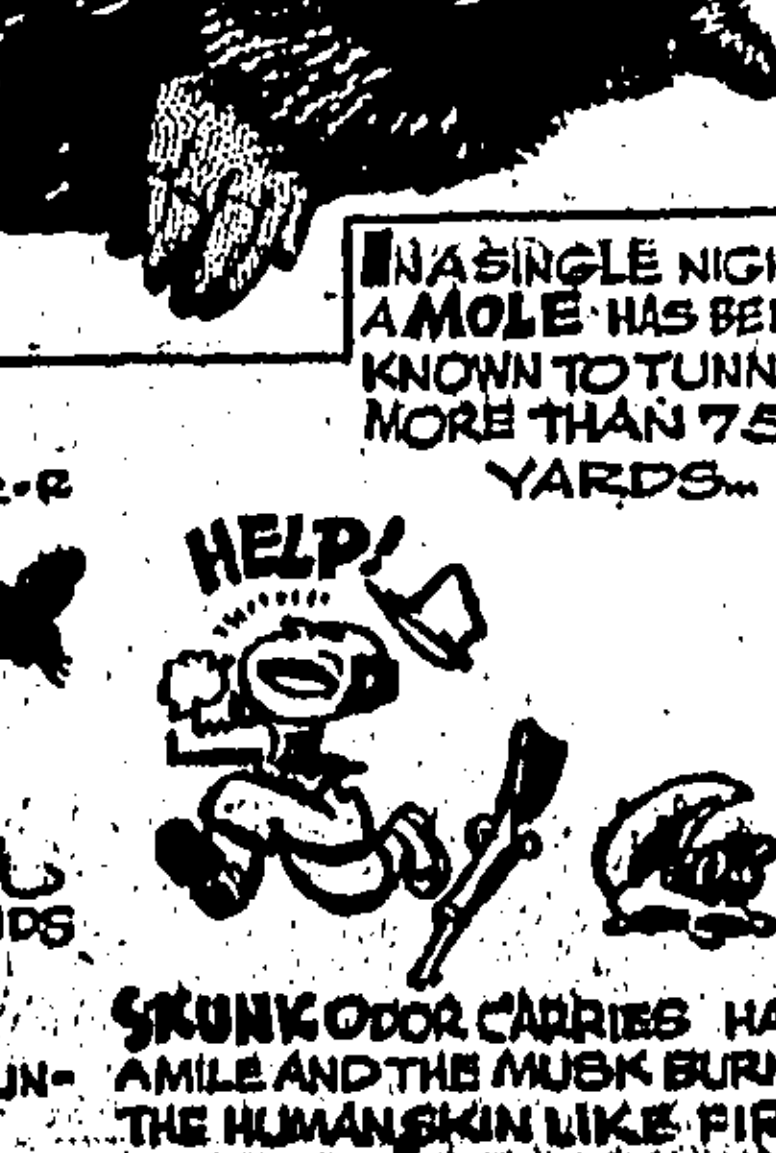
3. LEAVE SIDES ABOUT 1/4 INCH APART. FASTEN HANDS TOGETHER WITH ANOTHER TOOTHPICK WITH A 1/4 INCH IRON NUT BETWEEN.

4. SLIP A STRING 6 FEET LONG BETWEEN THE ARMS. HOLD SAM HIGH AND SEE HIM SLIDE!



## ZOO'S WHO

IN A SINGLE NIGHT, A MOLE HAS BEEN KNOWN TO TUNNEL MORE THAN 75 YARDS.



THE alligator lives in the swamps of southern United States and some parts of China. They are becoming fewer and some of the states are taking steps to conserve them so they will not become extinct like the buffalo.

An alligator is a powerful swimmer. It uses its tail as a propeller as fishes do. On land, it is clumsy. It defends itself with its tail by moving it from side to side very fast.

When the alligator is born, it is only eight inches long. It grows to be 10 feet or more. A young alligator eats insects, small fish, frogs or worms. When older, he eats birds, fishes and animals like ducks, pigs and muskrats. At four-foot length, he has been known to eat pop bottles.

The alligator's voice is a low growl or roar, when fully grown, but more of a squeak or grunt when it is young. It hibernates in the winter in a den or cave under the water.

When hunters look for the "gator," they always go at night. They carry with them flashlights to attract the attention of the alligator. It stares, fascinated, into the light.

Some people in the southern United States like to eat alligator. But the alligator's skin is used for making shoes and handbags.

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## Rupert and the Winter Woolly--1



IT is mid-winter, and coming down one morning, Rupert looks out the window. "Hello, Jack may be out to have some fun with his sled. Mrs. Bear, I wish it was a good idea. She says that the snow is so deep, I could see him at work. He always does."

appear before anybody is in. There's lots of snow on the ground, so later on he asks if he may go out to have some fun with his sled. Mrs. Bear, I wish it was a good idea. She says that the snow is so deep, I could see him at work. He always does."







